

TRAVELS IN RUSSIA

By EUGENE E. SIMPSON

No. 4047.336

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MAR 5 1932

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THE TRAVELER



1910 AND 1912

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

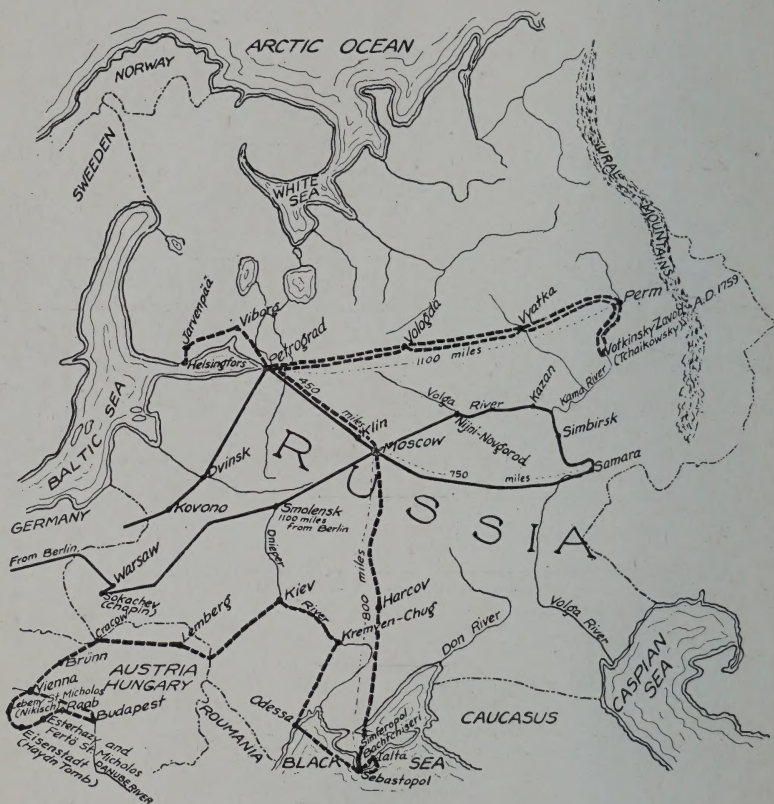
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MAP OF THE TRAVELS



COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY

Petrograd 600 miles farther north than Winnipeg.
 Petrograd 400 miles farther south than Bering Straits.
 Petrograd 1100 miles farther north than Sebastopol.
 Sebastopol 900 miles north of Jerusalem.
 Sebastopol 140 miles farther north than Chicago.
 Buda Pesth 400 miles farther north than Chicago.
 Perm, 9 hours, 40 minutes time east of Chicago.
 Perm, 12 hours time east of San Francisco.

March 1908

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IDEA OF THE BOOK

Anticipating that his book will come to many a layman—and musician—the author is wishing that it may be nervous and gossiping enough to entertain both. He had gladly ordered the material into sorts for each, yet the one kind persistently drifted back to the other. Of the two readers, then, the layman starts with the poorer chance, because the material is largely excerpted from letters written in 1910 and 1912 to the greatest musical weekly, the New York "Musical Courier." The very important report on the Tschaikowsky birth place is hitherto unpublished. It is insofar exceptional, that no other musician, not even a Russian, is thought to have visited the place in the nineteen years since Tschaikowsky's death.

Notwithstanding the pervading musical tone, the book brings "poison" to nobody, and if the layman will except the two general topics of "Concert Music" and "Russian Music Publishing," which are purposely classified to the best convenience, he may find little difficulty with the rest. The concert and publishing notes are just those which came in on flame of the midnight oil, and any student who will follow them by the midnight oil will add heavily to his idea of the concert literature of Russia, Poland and Hungary.

The author has particular confidence in the human quality of all the material unearthed on the second tour, which

began on the Danube, toward Buda Pesth, and ended with the history of compulsory labor at Votkinsky factory, near the Ural foothills.

Finally he would not close without once more professing his love for the Russian language. For nearly ten years it has exercised fascination and proved close companion—and one who is not companion, to the extent of a dozen or more hours weekly, never comes to a working knowledge of it. The opportunity to pore over it, even to use it crudely on the very first visit to Russia, has yielded tremendous returns in personal bliss.

EUGENE E. SIMPSON.

Bear Creek Farm, Palmer, Illinois.

December, 1916.



Eugene E. Simpson—Born 1871, Bear Creek Farm near Palmer, Ill., seventh of twelve children of the late James M. and Margaret Ricks Simpson. Brother to Q. I. Simpson, biology, Fellow Am. Ass'n for Adv'cem't Science, and J. P. Simpson, M. D., member of same, and commissioned to Medical Reserve Corps. Also C. D. S., staff Taylorville "Courier" and Associated Press; H. H. S., breeder of Jersey cattle, and T. L. S., former trainer of thoroughbreds, Aloha, Betty Badger, Invercauld, Mae Brown, Panina and others in racing stable of J. M. Simpson & Sons. 1884, E. E. Simpson first time in print as contributor to monthly "Amateur Poulter," published by brothers. 1890-93 winters only, violin student Chicago Musical College. 1893, canvassed for subscriptions on "Chicago Times" under ownership of the elder Carter Harrison. 1894-95, taught fourteen months in Nebraska common schools. 1896-99, violin student Leipsic Conservatory. 1896, operation on wrist, by Prof. Friedrich Trendelenburg, Leipsic University clinic. 1897, first Leipsic letters for Mr. W. S. B. Mathews' monthly magazine "Music." 1899-1903, on Taylorville "Daily Courier," "Music," and in Chicago and New York for weekly "Concert-Goer." 1903-05, staff of "Illinois State Journal." 1905, Chicago for the "Musical Courier," and Leipsic 1906-14 for same. 1908, first study of Russian language.

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THE BEGINNING

It will never matter how many persons have visited and written about Russia or about any other country, the fact remains that each person has seen with individual eyes, and by right, the message of each visitor may differ from all those preceding. As a matter of record it is noted that the present trip to Russia is of an evolution which began twelve years ago in Leipsie, where the writer interviewed the distinguished Russian musicians, Alexander Siloti, Wassily Sapellnikoff and Julius Conus. A brother of the last named, George Conus, has been the first musician met in Moscow.



The Russian language has been persistently advertised as the most difficult of all languages, and careful survey of the subject does not reveal positive error in such statement. The only doubt arises through competition with the Japanese, which not only includes its own extraordinary difficulties but embraces also the Chinese as the customary technical language, just as Latin has remained the technical language for Anglo-Saxon scholarship. The earliest probable history of Russia shows an unknown people north of the Black sea, occasionally visited on trade expeditions by Greek and Turkish merchants who suppressed all news of the peoples they visited. Thus the merchants of those days had also a practical conception of a lid nailed down. But the first written language of Russia came up with the clergy of Greece, through Bulgaria, and the present Russian language shows about thirty-three per cent of Greek roots, and many evolutions from the Old Bulgarian and Church Slavonic.

Several centuries ago the Norwegians under Harold came among the Russians to help them join their scattered forces. The Norwegian and Russian languages have still a number of words in common, as testimony of those and later associations. Then the Mongolians overran Russia and kept the land under tribute for a couple of centuries. The Mongolians may have so contributed many words to the present Russian, and the neighboring Tartars of southeast Russia and of Siberia have probably contributed more.

A unique feature in connection with the Mongolian invasion of Europe lies in the heritage of the Hungarians. The Hungarians, through roots said to be strongly Mongolian, have a tongue of their own, strictly non-Slavonic, though surrounded by the Slavs of Bulgaria, Servia, Bohemia, Poland and Russia. Furthermore, there are some striking coincidences between words of the Russians and some of the American Indians, yet

authorities argue strongly against a definite relation. At most, the American Indians may have carried a few Russian words down from Alaska, during the considerable period of Russian possession there.



It has not been two centuries since the last revision of the Russian alphabet, which brought it into the present form. The Russian literature itself is but little older than that. A few native writers preceded that time, but today's rich literature in the Russian has been turned out within a century and a half. The Russian alphabet employs thirty-six characters, many of which are adapted from the Greek, while many correspond with our common characters of the Latin, but in many inversions. That is, our "g" is "Russian "d," our Latin "p" is Russian "r," our Latin "h" the Russian "n," while the Russians have no "h" nor sound of "h," as they render every Anglo-Saxon "h" with "g," both in print and speech.

There are numerous other such printed inversions which are still otherwise inverted in writing, and though these all occasion some distress in the first couple of months of study, the greater difficulties do not lie on that side. The prime trouble arises in the extraordinary complexity, volume, irregularity and irresponsibility of the Russian verb, the same complexity and seeming irresponsibility of the case forms following the prepositions, and great variation and difficulties with the adjectives, besides other items too many to catalog and too many to find under a couple or three years of close study. An idea of the relative complexity of the language will be found in the estimate of a teacher of languages in Moscow. This gentleman states that the comparative working knowledge of German that can be got in three months can be acquired in the Russian only after two years of similar application. Any person of non-Slavonic ancestry who has worked with the Russian will gladly corroborate the above estimate and add a few months to those already called for.

WARSAW

The old code that "All signs fail in dry weather" was never so happily in place as when applied to the time tables for trains to Russia. In the Russian dry weather case one cheerfully adds a codicil to include the wet weather. In Berlin a book of time tables solemnly showed that without regard to the time of day one left for Warsaw, the traveler would have to get to Warsaw at 7:17 at night. Another book seemed to have a scoop on the information and started its trains at nine

and twelve in the morning, to arrive in Warsaw before midnight. On the dry weather day set to begin this pilgrimage there was no train at nine, but one each at 9:23 and 9:33. The traveler left Berlin on the latter time, but whether or not he arrived at Warsaw on the first, second or the noon train, he will never know. The only certain thing is that he changed once, got out once for customs revision and did not seem to miss anything going or coming. He may have actually arrived on the Berliner "9:33." At the customs station in Alexandrovo the traveler fell in with a trio of friendly Russians, and upon their information found a splendid hotel in Warsaw at a reasonable rate. The night drive along the Marshallsky to the hotel standing against the Saxon gardens gave one a most friendly impression of Warsaw.



The Warsaw Musical Institute, known as the Warsaw Conservatory, was established in 1860 and has now about five hundred and sixty pupils. There are thirty-six teachers, and while the institute has no nominal head as musical director, the distinguished violinist Stanislav Barchiewitch is the recognized leader in the musical affairs there. About two years ago the name of a celebrated pianist (Paderewski) became widely mentioned as probable musical director of the conservatory, but the venerable "inspector" in the bureau (the secretary was on vacation) said that the matter was lost in secrecy and everybody was guaranteed to know nothing about it.

As to the work being done at the conservatory, that was not ascertainable. There had been the public graduation concert about two weeks before, but there was no program printed, there never were any programs printed and the only way to learn anything in the absence of the secretary would be to apply to the musical editors of the city newspapers. It has been claimed that in New York the process is just opposite. To find out anything there one went to concerts, while to find out nothing one went to the newspapers. As to the known quantities on the Warsaw conservatory, Barchiewitch will celebrate this year the quarter century of his artistic career. The writer heard him play the Bruch G minor splendidly in the Leipsic Gewandhaus about twelve years ago. He was a pupil of Ilrjmaly, but he has himself had distinguished pupils. The professor of clarinet at the conservatory, Baron Emil Lesser, is conductor of an amateur orchestra of eighty men, officials and employes of the railways. The orchestra began years ago as an amateur society and three years ago Lesser became director. They have played easy symphonies and concert overtures.

The traveler is indebted to violin maker Felix K. Pruschak for information on the great violinist, Isador Lotto, who had to retire many years ago on account of a stroke of apoplexy. The aged violinist is said to be now in splendid health and still playing with much of the fire and magnificence of youth. He is said to have voluminous manuscript compositions for his instrument and none has been brought into print. The artist's financial affairs permit his keeping the manuscripts, and it is his thought that some society may some time interest itself and bring them properly before the public. The violinist is still possessor of the Stradivarius violin of his teacher, Rudolph Kreutzer. He is said to play scales of thirds and tenths in an extraordinary manner, and he has a number of pupils with whom he obtains splendid results. The venerable artist could not be seen at the time of this visit to Warsaw.



Musical friends in Warsaw had expressed the opinion that the operetta of the Theatre Novosti was one of the finest operetta ensembles in all Europe. It was the visitor's privilege to hear these artists in Lehar's "Graf Luxemburg," where the evidence was all in favor of the above verdict. Not alone the principal tenor, Josef Redo, and soprano, Lycina Messal, but the next pair, Vladislav Schavinsky and Mizislava Sviklinska were singing and acting superbly. With this second couple and occasional chorus beginning the show, the audience was fully enthused by the time the other principals came in. Nevertheless the manner in which Messal trilled and rouladed out in the wings before her entrance was sufficient to mark new thrills on the evening slate. She then entered and had occasional chance to exploit what seemed a grand opera voice, but the impression of those outdoor trills was not heightened, and one instinctively returned interest in Sviklinska, whose use of a beautiful voice was skilled and resourceful in a high degree.

The auditor whose ears had been trying for some months to get accustomed to the Russian language could not tell whether these artists were singing in the Russian or the Polish. Many words were perfectly understood. Just as the visitor was upon the point of ruling that all understood was Russian and all not understood was Polish, the neighbor at the left elbow refereed the point and declared that the performance was being given in Polish. Everything was in perfect order. The orchestra, a large one, a chorus which sang in tune went about the stage as real human beings instead of stage fillers, and above all, the strictly non-stagy costumes were details which added their share in operetta giving that was worth all the money.

CHOPIN'S BIRTH HOUSE

THE TRAVELER SLEEPS THERE

The traveler has been privileged to spend two nights and to make a report in the house where Chopin was born February 22, 1810. The farming estate called "Zhelaznaya Vola" is one of about 600 acres of land, which is owned by the family Pavlovsky, and by them industriously cultivated for profit. Though the place is occasionally visited by travelers, it remains remarkably free from all influence of tourist trade.

In 1894 the Warsaw Philharmonic society placed a plain but beautiful monument in the door yard within a circle formed by eleven massive trees, and just now there hangs upon the monument a withered wreath placed there by a delegation last February (1910), on the occasion of the birth centenary. But there is no custodian, no museum, no photograph nor post card sale, neither is there in the house a single portrait, a single book or pamphlet bearing upon the life or work of Chopin. The house "orchestra" of today consists of an aged upright piano a full tone below pitch, and a violin rigged with two strings. Thus is proof sufficient that here is still a farm for farming and nothing more. The rye harvest, as principal temporal interest, began at 6 o'clock yesterday morning under the auspices of a number of men, women and youths with grain cradles and reaphooks, besides the present traveler and one good American two-horse reaper.



The estate of Zhelaznaya Vola usually is reached from Warsaw by a thirty-five mile run by train to Sokachev, then a four-mile walk or drive to the farm. In order to save a day's time, your traveler took an afternoon train on another road, thirty-five miles to Girardov, then a twenty-mile cross-country drive, reaching the house at 9:15 at night.

The guides had all said that there would be a village tavern where one could remain overnight, but as that proved untrue, the Pavlovsky family generously offered the newspaperman their hospitality, and the coachman returned to Girardov. This arrangement was accomplished through the mediation of a gentleman who spoke Polish and German. Upon being asked what the guest could offer for the accommodation, the gentleman replied that the guest evidently had not visited before in Poland. There would be nothing to pay.

The drive from Girardov had been one in every way calculated to lead one into mood and interest in the country surroundings of the Chopin house. A roughly paved country road began the journey, and after an hour and forty minutes' fast drive behind the span of whang-leather mustangs, the

coachman left the main road and started across country over soft and unpaved roads of damp soil and sand. He had often to drive for some distance on the grass to avoid mudholes in the road.

Incidents of the journey included the route through beautiful pine woods, a ten minutes' stop to shoe a horse, another long drive toward the setting sun, with many inquiries as to the way toward Zhelaznoya Vola, and many non-knowing replies. The last stretch led through sand roads so deep that the team could only get through with difficulty, and on this bit of sand road was met the only "concert" of the journey. It consisted of a squad of soldiers with a load of forage. Their wagon had two two-horse teams, four-in-hand, with the near horse of each span ridden by a soldier. A corporal walked at one side and four other soldiers followed behind the wagon.



CHOPIN BIRTH PLACE, ESTATE ZHELAZNOYA VOLA

They were amusing themselves hugely with some song that had a typical Slavonic folk rhythm, but the song was unknown to the only music reporter on that road. The meeting with the soldier haymaking chorus occurred less than a mile from the Chopin house, yet the driver again asked repeatedly for the place and drove into one farmyard falsely before coming to Zhelaznoya Vola.

Notwithstanding occasional reading of details on the place and time of Chopin's birth, the writer must acknowledge shamefacedly that he has made the error of looking for them where they could not be found, and now leaves the community without seeing any document. This is the punishment of one who has neglected either to memorize or to carry the Chopin details on all his travels. There is nothing left to do but report on the unsuccessful search.

It all came about because the present proprietors of Zhelaznoya Vola innocently believed that the records would be easily found in the clerk's office at Sokachev, the nearest village. Accordingly the visitor applied there and the clerk kindly set about finding the book of births for 1810. The questions for his guidance could be only as to which neighborhood church had turned in the birth record, and as to whether the child Chopin had been christened promptly after his birth. The books then examined included one tabulating and especially classifying the births of that year at Zhelaznoya Vola, but there was no Chopin.

The wife of the clerk, who was also employed in the office, then said that it would be necessary to go out on the street and bring Hammer, the Jew. He would know all about everything and the matter would be found quickly. Now Hammer the Jew was found in his own home. He was willing to come over and search for the Chopin entry for a rouble paid in advance, and he asked if it would not be worth ten roubles if he found it. The traveler had the rouble to pay in advance but did not see that the service was worth nine roubles more, even on a winning proposition. So Hammer the Jew came for one rouble paid in advance, and he searched faithfully, but found nothing about Chopin.

The only explanation that can find place in the minds of these people is that the birth must have been registered, not at the parish Troyana as supposed, but at Parish Brochov, some miles from Zhelaznoya Vola. The clerk's reports on Parish Brochov do not contain the entry, but it is thought that it should be found on the priest's books at Brochov.

With the matter in this unsatisfied condition and all previous information several hundred miles away, the rain now pours steadily, the visit to Zhelaznoya Vola is at an end and there comes the four-mile drive in the rain to Sokachev, there to get the train back to Warsaw. It might have been well to give the other nine roubles to Hammer the Jew.



At the time of Chopin's birth Zhelaznoya Vola was owned by Count Skarbeck. The place then came into possession of one Toviansky, from whom it was bought in 1881 by Alexander Pavlovsky. Since his death in 1902 the place has been occupied and controlled by the widow, Lapinska Pavlovsky, her aged mother, and the younger generation, comprising three daughters and two sons. The elder son, Alexander Pavlovsky, born in 1889, is the energetic and capable charge of affairs. The family Pavlovsky has placed a traveler under obligations for two pleasant days and enriched his imagination on the probable childhood of Chopin.

MOSCOW

The first week's work in Moscow has been a heavy one. What with getting the ear accustomed to the great velocity of the Russian language as it runs, the dodging of the cholera bug, and getting up a budget for the press, the man has been working overtime. It was accidental and may never occur again. The duties in Moscow seemed to call for visits to the Kremlin, a visit to the race course on the occasion of the twenty-fifth jubilee of the "All Russian Derby" and the "Imperial Ten Thousand Roubles," besides numerous open air performances of concert and opera. The derby will not be reported in this place, but it has behooved every musical writer to be on his guard since Melba founded her racing stable some years ago. The public and the press owners will please observe that it is no longer a simple matter to get and hold the favor of all their constituents.

The summer traveler within the czar's dominions is constrained to be on his guard against Asiatic cholera. There is a settled conviction among the Slavs that cholera can be avoided by every cultured person who uses care to drink no unsterilized waters and eat no uncooked fruits or vegetables. Nevertheless, when cholera has once attained great frequency in a city, extraordinary precautions are resorted to, the citizen does not even wash his hands in unsterilized water, and certain chemicals are some times added to waters drunk. Just now cholera is raging in every South Russian city, and some physicians and nurses fall victims with the folk. While Moscow has had only two or three cases, the city authorities are beginning to warn the people to be careful of every detail which may contribute to safety.

When the traveler changed trains and took lunch at the railway station in Smolensk, there were three large places of public water supply in the main corridor. They included two large casks of sterilized water for drinking, and only ten feet away a fountain with a great tank of water for washing. At this fountain a placard, written in good Russian, warned not to drink the water, yet peasants were seen there drinking unconcernedly. A sign written in good Russian is of no avail among a folk that can't read. In Moscow the streets in center and outskirts are crowded with shops and vendors of the most splendid fruits and berries of every tempting sort. The traveler is not eating them raw, however. To do so or not may be the difference between going home alive or remaining here dead.

A visitor for the first time in Moscow is but a short time there until he discovers an atmosphere of the Orient. The combination of sun and whitewash, the golden domes are all of a strangeness for which the five days at Warsaw and vicinity, plus two days of travel, have left his senses still unprepared. The square in front of the station was alive with the single seated, low wheeled cabs, drawn by the handsome little horses or cobs of a sturdy type. The traveler took the couple of miles' drive to a hotel in the heart of the city. Because it is assumed that the Russian citizen is accustomed to travel with his own bed clothing, as well as his tea making outfit, the smaller hotels and rooming places make an extra charge for the use of the equipment. Generally there is extra charge for light, and during a subsequent stay at Ialta in the Crimea, the proprietor had enough electricity charged up to run a good sized factory for the same period. On that occasion, the American traveler balked at the extortion, inquired what kind of an electric display was supposed to have taken place, then laid down the amount of the bill, less the fireworks. There was no bad blood occasioned. The incident had doubtless turned out that way before.

The traveler regrets not having time to chronicle all in Moscow that seemed in the highest degree weird and foreign, because Moscow is called mother of Russia and is most Russian of all cities. While the present traveler proceeds to report interesting aspects of the national musical life, the reader may examine some of the voluminous works of travel which may satisfy any aroused interest.

REAL RUSSIAN OPERA

INCIDENTAL EPIDEMIC OF THE UP-BEAT

Two or three years ago the correspondent discovered that practically all the motives and melodies of the Strauss symphonic poems, many of Strauss' songs, his "Enoch Arden" music, his operas, besides the symphonic poems and numerous symphonies of the post-Strauss school, began on an up beat, following a beat or an imagined beat in the bass. The characteristic is strong in a symphony by the Finnish Sibelius, the Hungarian Buttykay, and occasionally in the melody and phrase building of the Elgar and the Hugo Kaun symphonies.

Careful observation seemed to fix Tschaikowsky as the direct forerunner for Strauss and all the hundreds of the writers who begin their compositions on the musical cross foot. There is no new evidence to show error in those observations, but three weeks' summer residence in Moscow, with the hear-

ing of five operas by three Russian composers, various orchestral program compositions, and two unknown symphonies by modern Russians has proved that Tschaiakowsky was only following a pronounced "Russianism" of his forerunners, just as the Russians of today are still following him in it, reinforced by Strauss and nearly every European composer. The incident argues anew that the music of every epoch has some definable link with some before and after, whether in structure, in mood, or both.

GLINKA'S "RUSSLAN AND LUDMILLA"

Nothing could be more appropriate or agreeable than that the first hearing of opera in Russia should be a work by Glinka. At an open air establishment called the "Narodny Dom" (People's House) it has been already the privilege to begin with Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla," and follow some evenings later with Tschaiakowsky's "Eugen Onegin," given by a very good orchestra of thirty men and a splendid group of singing principals and chorus. Though the conductor's name is never given on the program, he directs the operas from piano scores, and the small orchestra must have occasionally to adapt the instrumentation for some of its corps, the works are being given in sufficient excellence for study, even for solid enjoyment.

Of Glinka's several operas, the above named and his "Life for the Czar" are by far the most frequently mentioned and given. The one, "Russlan and Ludmilla," is fully adequate to show how strong and how fine was the Glinka musical head. Glinka lived after Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert, and probably contemporaneously with Weber, Spohr, Auber and Lortzing, yet his music of "Russlan and Ludmilla" is of none of those. Lortzing followed Mozart in extraordinary imitation of writing and spirit, and all of the others named followed in orderly succession of established lines, but Glinka wrote Russian music, and musical music it is.

Among details of the composition, one noted a steadily rhythmic overture at a great tempo, followed by a plaintive and beautiful chorus to begin the work on the stage. The orchestra was soon accompanying the singers in a fine but plain manner, hardly in advance of Mozart. The Ludmilla aria of the first act had a most strange and agreeable series of turns or coloratura at a high pitch, that sounded as if exceedingly difficult to vocalize. Then there was a genuinely Slavonic chorus in the typical eighth note figure, always marcato. The second act held strongly to its Russian character, and included an aria for basso or baritone. The later acts included another scene for low male voice, also a big scene for contralto. The

noticeable feature everywhere was the plaintive element that entered, whether the tempo was slow or otherwise.

The public may forgive a reporter for not quite understanding who was Russlan and who Ludmilla, who Ratmir and Farlaf, and Naina and Bayan and Chornomor. The time was too short and the Russian program too long to be understood on so short notice, but the beauty of all the music and the excellence of the performance were apparent without further knowledge of what was supposed to be going on.

GLINKA'S "LIFE FOR THE CZAR"

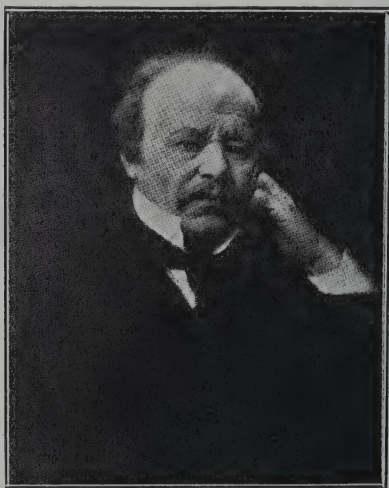
Glinka's "Life for the Czar" was the composer's first opera (1836), his "Russlan and Ludmilla" following six years later. The former opera has particular local interest at Moscow, since it has the Kremlin for a part of the background. The simple story is that the future martyr, Ivan Susanyin, has an adopted waif Vanya, and a daughter Antonide, who is wife of Sabinyin. Sabinyin returns from Moscow and relates that the Poles have been banished and the people have named Michail Federowitch as future czar. The Poles plot to make way with the young ruler-elect. One of their number, sent to find the czar, falls upon the father, Susanyin. The Poles demand that Susanyin guide them to the czar's retreat. Instead he sends Vanya to warn the czar and he himself leads the Poles into the forest, where they murder him. A multitude gathers in Moscow on the famous Red Place before the Kremlin, when Vanya and Antonide appear and tell of Susanyin's death as a martyr. The bells of the Kremlin announce the czar's approach to the city, whereupon the multitude proclaim welcome. Both of the Glinka operas have much beautiful music in strong, national Russian character, and the operas constitute satisfying entertainment if one does not object to the sadness which pervades, not only these, but all Russian operas by all composers.

The lesson that one seems to draw from the Glinka opera, which is at once so strongly musical and so genuinely in the manner and spirit of the Russian folk, is that the American composer of American music is now entitled to arrive at any time. There is already a great deal of music making in America whose spirit is unclassifiable by musical standards of any other folk, and it only remains for the American Glinka, with a really musical nature and a strong head, to come along and claim his own. The European critics are already occasionally claiming "Americanisms" in composition, and cafe orchestras in all Europe are playing types of it in extraordinary frequency. Is it not possible then, that Americans at home may soon recognize that which is so plainly seen from Europe in perspective?

DARGOMWIRSHKY'S "RUSALKA"

Dargomwirshky's three-act opera "Rusalka," in six scenes, is older than all those by Tschaikowsky and Rubinstein, and probably just following Glinka, and contemporary with Moussorgsky. This work must mark a stage of composer transition from European to Russian, for it contains the most characteristic of all Russian folk themes alongside the purest "Mozart." No one of the Russian operas heard has so much Mozart spirit as this. Furthermore, the scoring borders on crudity, though here is honest work in counterpoint throughout. The overture itself is in counterpoint that gives the listener anxiety as to whether all ends of the themes will find each other again. After a few numbers this stiffness is no longer noticeable in the orchestra. Nevertheless, the writing for vocal principals is on the danger line at all times, even to the close of the opera.

The "Rusalka" subject is an old Russian legend of a water queen of that time. She had had love misfortunes on dry land, and she set up an under sea empire for herself and child,



DARGOMWIRSHKY

making it so attractive as to rewin the father to the new abode. The stage numbers include a typical folk dance by five women in a circle, later joined by a man solo dancer, first in three-four, then in two-four time and very fast. A duet follows, crudely written, the phrase ever constructed on the aforesaid off beat, as followed by Tschaikowsky, Strauss and present day neighbors. A baritone principal gets a good "Mozart" aria—Mozart both for voice and orchestra; there is a duet of non-com-

mittal, non-Russian music, and the chorus to close this scene is European. After a large wedding chorus beginning the second act, there is a beautiful contralto song with chorus. This may be one of the finest numbers of the opera. The same singer begins a polonaise which is then treated as a duet with baritone. After another chorus, there comes another folk dance by four women and one man. This is a rapid jig in which all five dance uninterruptedly while going through various small ballet figures.

The last act opens with a similar folk dance by five women, later joined by the male solo dancer, who dances nearly always within the circle the women form. There is much other engaging incident in the opera, the music including a beautiful oboe solo. This melody is not given to a singer and it must be designed to express the sadness of the unfortunate Rusalka. Other choruses and solos are given and the opera concludes with a quartet of principals. It is an evening of strange mixtures of talent, of crudity, of skill, committal and non-committal, but an evening of opera, by the help of whose story, the power to entertain is not once in question.

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "EUGEN ONEGIN"

Tschaikowsky's evening of "lyric scenes," called "Eugen Onegin," has been also heard at the Narodny Dom in Moscow. This work, following Puschkin's book of the same name, was first thought to be not intended for performance as opera, but the students at Petrograd conservatory finally presented it experimentally, and with such success that it came into frequent use, not only in Russia, but in various non-Russian opera houses. And still there are, even in Europe, many musicians of vast experience, who have never heard this music nor seen the score.

Everyone who gets acquainted with "Eugen Onegin" only after hearing the composer's chamber and orchestral music, is wholly unprepared to meet the new Tschaikowsky whom this modest and beautiful music represents. It is the unusual quiet, in which the scenes proceed, that is unexpected. The one principal exception is the duel scene in which Onegin kills Lensky. There is much of the Russian character everywhere, as well as some pure 'Mozart' during Onegin's reading of Tattiana's letter. The very first chorus is strongly Russian and of great beauty, a subsequent girls' chorus is pervaded by the same plaintive though beautiful spirit. A great ball scene with the well known waltz, and later a great polonaise are among the items of relief.

The performance just given was an especially sombre one, in which the artists themselves seemed never to be free from influence of the unhappy trend of the action. It was all quiet,

lyric and beautiful, and one sees how much nearer Tschaikowsky is to his countrymen than to the non-Russians who do not know him by opera or song.

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "PIQUE DAME"

Tschaikowsky's three-act opera "Pique Dame" has about every feature of the Russian folk and art music, besides some pure and beautiful European song in the strict spirit and manner of Mozart. In the composer's "Eugen Onegin" there is still oftener the Mozart simplicity, but no passage of genuine "Mozart" such as is found in old fashion dance scenes of the "Pique Dame." After a brief and highly lyric overture, the opera on the stage begins with a great folk gathering, singing the material of the overture, first given out by the women's low voices. Two pairs of principals, each of tenor and basso, state the story briefly, when the chorus sets in with an eighth note rhythm, marcato or staccato, which is Russian as can be, pervading as it does, most of the choruses in every Russian opera, besides many songs of the people in village or town. A duet for tenor and bass, rather more stiffly canonic than lyric, closes the scene.

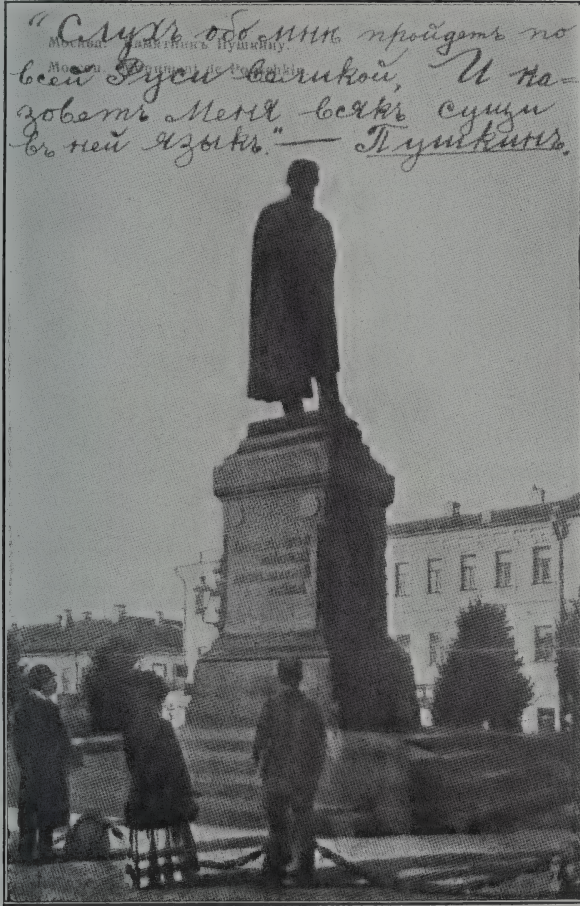
The second scene is of the fashionable parlor, with three women singing trio to clavichord or spinet. The orchestra pre-ludes with a couple of good Mozart trills, though that is not the content of the trio. The rest of this scene has female choruses in the folk marcato way above noted, but repeatedly in art music, wherein long passages begin on the above discussed off beat of Strauss and the European moderns. The development of the opera is then interrupted for a scene called an "intermezzo," containing also a 6-8 dance called a "Pash-tushka," the whole purpose of the interpolation seeming to be that of a pastorage or festival of flowers. Besides a ballet, there are two females and one male principal, whose roles are entirely without bearing on the story of the "Pique Dame."

It is in this intermezzo of classic masque dance in stately gavotte that Tschaikowsky has found exactly the manner and spirit of a Mozart or Haydn. A vocal solo has the Mozart treatment of the voice exactly, and in exceeding beauty. When the opera resumes, it is with various recitative like scenes to present the story, the "musical" numbers including other female choruses, various orchestral incidents of great originality, other solo scenes written in the ever present off beat phrase, a beautiful chorus in ecclesiastic spirit, a big male chorus in drinking song, and various numbers by the principals. The evening is one of beautiful music and entertainment for auditors of every taste.

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "MAZEPPA"

Tschaikowsky's opera "Mazeppa," of six scenes in

three acts, is given in Russia much less often than the composer's other operas, and outside of Russia the work is almost wholly unknown. The impression taken from the one Moscow hearing is that it may be not only one of the musically strongest of all the Tschaikowsky operas, but a musical score of per-



PUSCHKIN STATUE, MOSCOW

"My fame will go out over all grand Russia, and every stalwart, in her tongue, will speak my name."—Puschkin, author of "Eugen Onegin."

fect evenness and deep expressiveness, such as no one of his symphonies or orchestral fantasies can excel. Through the entire evening, and without a single lapse, the music plays off in beauty and character as if some magnificent tidings were carried.

The operative story is one of tragedy and abject sadness. A prison scene represents the most unmerciful of persecutors, the opera further provides for the prisoner's execution and the killing of a lover. The picture is without relief through the whole evening, but in the same degree Tschaikowsky has kept to the fervor of his inspiration. After the overture of some rhythmic material and an episode of beautiful melody, about as pastorale, a decidedly Russian theme comes as a female chorus, off stage, before the entrance. The women come forward, their song in the inevitable off beat phrase. A solo voice sings about the same material in answer. The ensuing soprano aria is in plain phrase which comes to pause at every sixth or eighth beat, in six-four or four-four time, as the case may be. This is another style of phrase building found in every Tschaikowsky opera, and especially noticeable in the writing of nearly every duet, of which there are many. The phrase is eminently agreeable to the singer, who has this chance to breathe in regularity and freedom. The listener would not object to an occasional change, and especially if he is hearing a couple of other Russian operas each week, both of which build their ensembles of principals in the same manner.

The several ensembles of the "Mazeppa" give an impression of ease in writing, and of balance and polish, so that without knowing anything of the order in which the Tschaikowsky operas were composed, one is driven to the conviction that at the writing of this work the author was in mature years and his highest power. At no point in the opera is there an approach to Mozart, neither can one speak of that brand of simplicity, as in "Eugen Onegin." One of the most characteristic of folk themes becomes a splendid art chorus. Some especially beautiful violin cadenzas follow the tragedy in the last scene. Aside from anything that may be going by the principals on the stage, the orchestra is occupied the whole time with music of vitality and such portent that one can only doubt that Tschaikowsky ever reached a higher plane than this.



Thirteen years ago the Leipsic city theatre put on Napravnik's opera "Doubrovsky" which failed promptly. The failure could have argued for or against the Leipsic public or for or against Napravnik. The principal observation in point is that though the opera was one of sympathetic pictures of Russian life, the German newspapers asserted that the action was too unpretentious. Now every one of the five Russian operas just heard in Moscow is in the same quiet and unrelief. A folk scene, a tragedy, a fairy world, a love scene, or any other combination seems to play in the eminently plaintive, when not abjectly sad spirit of all the rest. The usual employment of

folk dances is the highest point of relief in any of these works, and that is superb entertainment but not humor. There is not one comedy part to be found in these five operas, which are Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla," Dargomwirshky's "Rusalka" and Tschaikowsky's "Eugen Onegin," "Pique Dame" and "Mazeppa." They are well attended and greatly enjoyed by the Russian public. They constitute a voluminous index, both to the creative and the receptive mentality of the Russian people.

CONCERT MUSIC AT MOSCOW

The principal or only concert institution for the Moscow summer is that of the orchestra at the Sokolnikoff Garden. This splendid band has at its head the fine concert master Michael Zyrilstein, who often acts as conductor and as soloist. Of the two concerts already heard, Zyrilstein and a number of composer conductors led the one on a Sunday evening, and K. S. Sarajeff led the regular symphony concert of the following Friday. The rules posted by the management provide that there is no guaranty against change of program. The provision is freely needed, for the Sunday evening concert had changes and substitutions at leisure. What was finally heard seemed to be the Tschaikowsy "Italian Serenade;" a manuscript violin concertstueck, played by Zyrilstein, conducted by the composer, Henri Forter; a soprano aria from Tschaikowsky's opera "The Sorceress" (Charodeika), sung by Mme. Voskresenskaya; V. M. Blashewitch's small manuscript orchestral suite, conducted by the composer; a manuscript orchestral suite by S. A. Kalatoff, conducted by him; Tschaikowsky and Rachmaninoff songs with piano; a manuscript orchestral waltz by M. A. Levin; a manuscript scherzo for small orchestra, by A. A. Karzeff, also the latter's orchestral setting of the Schubert "March Militaire." All of the manuscripts were given here for the first time. The impression taken from the half dozen pieces was that these unknown composers were learning to write well for orchestra before having much of musical merit to present. The valse by Blashewitch is hardly more than Viennese popular weight, and his scherzo is of about the style of Mendelssohn. The Forter violin concert stueck had the merit of typical violin idiom. The slow section showed agreeable Slavonic melodic character, the finale was brilliant, and though the whole content of the composition averaged none too heavily, the piece may be as well termed a success in its modest way. Zyrilstein played it beautifully, in a style of great technical, tonal and musical refinement. The Levin orchestral valse was of better character than the one by Blashe-

witch. The best work of the evening, after the violin piece, was Karzeff's scherzo. Though running in so light vein, the theme seemed to have musical quality, and it was treated very well.



The symphony concert by the same orchestra under Sarajeff had the Brahms D major symphony, Georg Conus' symphonic picture "The Forest murmurs" (L'yess shumit), the late A. G. Zabel's C major concerto for harp, played by A. I. Slepushkin, and the overture and polonaise from Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff." The Brahms symphony was musically given, especially in the first movements, the latter coming near being too fast to agree with the Brahms style. The Conus symphonic poem is a mass of remarkably fine orchestration and finely conceived effects in orchestral color, all played off without coming to any distinction in the theme. The greater part of the effects had unending tremolo and undulating figures, about as in the modern French, and there was twice a very beautiful "portamento" effect by a chromatic up scale on the flute. The composition is in print by the new Russischer Musikverlag established last year by Kussewitzky and associates. Georg Conus has reached his thirty-eighth opus, which product includes a symphony that has been played in manuscript, a children's suite with chorus, a cantata for solo, chorus and orchestra; some orchestral romanzas; the two-act ballet "Dayita," given here at the grand opera; four Oriental pieces for orchestra; a contrabass concerto written for Kussewitzky, and probably to be produced next season; three female choruses, a petite suite for piano at four hands; three dozen songs and romanzas, and upward of a half hundred piano pieces with various accompaniments of violin and another piano. Many of these works are in the press of Jørgenson, yet many remain in manuscript. The Moussorgsky overture and polonaise of this concert was not of unusual value, yet there was vitality in it, and it constituted music worth acquaintance and giving. The harp concerto by Zabel had much resemblance to Mendelssohn, in the quality of its melody and the manner of the melody building in the slow section. However that may be, the writing for the harp could well be taken as a model for the interesting and most musical treatment of the instrument. Instead of wasting time in meaningless flourishes and ornaments, there was contrapuntal work throughout, giving the highest musical content possible to the innate style of the themes. The harpist, Slepushkin played superbly and was called to play additional selections which also had musical merit. Though these symphony concerts are given on the usual summer plan of meager rehearsing, the re-

sults are creditable and a large public comes and shows appreciation.

ARENESKY FIRST SYMPHONY

The first symphony by the late Arensky is said to be the better of the two he created. It was given here by his former pupil, Georg Conus of Moscow. The work is within a shade of claim to distinction. Only in the andante are there some slight marks of the hammer, and as a whole the work may be a little bit too riotously Russian to find general use among the Anglo-Saxons. At any rate there are some passages of ravishing beauty, such as only a composer of extreme lyric gift could write. The few measures of adagio as introduction are of Wagnerian color, with their portentous contrabasses answered by horns and trumpets. Then comes a tripping figure of the main allegro patetico which is immensely engaging. The horns answer in a complaining down scale figure that is employed to the last degree of persistency in the development of the movement. There comes a lyric episode, a la Tchaikowsky, strange and beautiful, and of course, in the eternal off beat phrase of all the Russians and the symphonic poems. While repeating the main tripping figure he secures an impressive funereal touch with the muffled cymbals. The andante, with its beautiful beginning by the violas, is the movement containing the intense melody. It is essentially Russian but plain and noble. The theme seems to be next treated in variation, and whatever the manner of work, it is in this development that the lowest stage in the symphony is reached. The scherzo is a wild, robber music affair in five-four rhythm, containing a bit of strongly Russian cantabile and a unique brushing or sweeping effect by the strings as an accompaniment to one part of the movement. The trilling strings and the triangle announce an Oriental dance as the finale. There is a neat cantabile which works up finely, and the main dance figure goes in even tripping for a long time. It gets to be very beautiful at times. There are no flaws apparent in this movement. The dance receives much fine development, and especially the violins employed high up in a contrapuntal figure or figuration that is a great delight.

If the work seems somewhat wild when taken in the Russian manner intended, it is probable that it is of enough musical and structural solidity to bear Saxonizing in performance. After all, the better symphonies aside from the classics are none too many, and a few trials may place this in good standing among the most worthy of them.

The eight Conus songs with orchestra were published with piano accompaniment, since which the composer has added his own fine orchestrations in manuscript. They nearly all flow

like Italian lyrics, and each one has a high-tone climax somewhere between start and finish. These effects are finely invented but uniquely uniform when given on the one program. Of the eight songs, at least five would be useful to American concert singers, the other three are of too light musical character to recommend. Some of them are supplied with German texts, and information could be had from publisher Jørgenson.



Of other music heard in Moscow, nothing has left a more favorable recollection than Moussorgsky's musical picture "Night on bare Mountain," in the rearrangement and instrumentation by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Here Moussorgsky has created his own themes in full Slavonic character, and every one of the three or four introduced ranks with the most potent of all the older Russian school, with Glinka and Dargomirshky. That means that more pregnant themes, purely as character themes, will hardly be found in the literature of any country. The conductors everywhere should be delighted to find a program selection of this great character and intrinsic value.



A visitor of orchestral and operatic performances in Russia is struck by one element in playing which is at least unique to one who is accustomed to concert life in Germany. This is the terrific tempo in which the Russians play allegro. The last movement of the Arensky symphony is marked *allegro giocoso*. In the all-Russian rendition here there were passages for the violins that were no longer recognizable as anything but a whirr over the strings, though delightful whirr it was. The same is occasionally heard at the opera, in other symphonies and program compositions. Last season a Leipsic pianist of giant strength and bravouristic tendencies played the last movement of the Tschaikowsky B flat minor concerto in this tempo. The performance raised a great enthusiasm and was indeed a frolicsome experience, yet so unique that one didn't know whether it was to be encouraged or not. The pianist had recently returned from a year's residence in Moscow and had not had time to get the velocity germs out of his blood.



A manuscript symphony in E minor was conducted by its composer, N. R. Kochetov, who is professor of theory at Moscow Philharmonic conservatory. The concert further had two extracts from his opera "Terrible Revenge," the Johann Svendsen "Romeo and Juliet" overture, a soprano aria from Debussy's cantata "Prodigal Son," and the violin concerto by Ernst. Besides the symphony and the opera, Kochetov has written two orchestral suites and many songs.

The symphony is not of enough excellence to take high rank, nevertheless there are much honest writing and some fine music in it. The main theme of the first movement is in the crisp and regular eighth note, marcato, staccato so often observed in Russian folk choruses. Another crisp theme is about Mendelssohn scherzo. The cantabile of the movement is nice but is "filled in" with a tremolo or undulating figure which looks like poor composing. After a much cut up andante and scherzo the last movement carries the best interest of the four. A tripping two-pulse, dotted figure so often employed by Schumann is played canonically, as fugato, the volins get terrific runs, in moto perpetuo over a plain cantabile, and the balance of the symphony is a resourceful, unending and ever effective development. They play so jubilantly that the composer is seen to have had a liking for his theme, which must have grown upon him for a very long time.

On the whole, the symphony is entitled to this place as a summer entertainer. The two entr'acts were of much less value in every particular. The Debussy aria began with a droning of the orchestra, and when the voice set in it was in phrase easily recognized as French. In the further development of the aria the orchestra came twice into the slow tremolo or undulating figure which largely characterizes, not only the piano works of Debussy, but many other composers among the modern French. Its purpose is to act as a basis for mood painting, but in Germany it is no longer considered composing at all. Svendsen's overture to "Romeo and Juliet" has agreeable attributes, but it is showing age. He did not compose enough on it to hold for long.

KLIN VISITED

LATE RESIDENCE OF TSCHAIKOWSKY

The city of Klin, with six thousand Russians and the home of Tschaikowsky, is fifty-five miles northwest of Moscow, on the straight road toward Petrograd. It would have been wrong for a musical pilgrim to travel in Russia without visiting the home of the greatest Russian composer. As a day's outing in relief of the stay in Moscow, the trip to Klin is worth the money without an interest in Tschaikowsky. Once there, the quiet life the composer led is apparent, and the pilgrim comes into feeling with the scene.



Fortune has it that in the Tschaikowsky house there is a link still binding. Here Modest Tschaikowsky lives in mature years, but in health and vigor. He is brother and biographer of the composer, and he served his brother while living, by compiling the librettos to "Eugen Onegin," "Iolanthe" and



TSCHAIKOWSKY RESIDENCE AT KLIN

"Pique Dame." Here is living flesh and blood of the Tschai-kowskys, and to meet Modest Tschaikowsky is to bring the late composer back to close range, in defiance of the seventeen years since his death. The resemblance of the brothers must have been very marked, judging from the living and the portraits of the dead.

When the train leaves Moscow the trip promises finely in running through good lands, but after a few miles traversed, the eye falls upon waste and swampy grass lands, occasionally relieved by a strip of good pine timber. This continues so long

that the curiosity is strongly aroused and one speculates upon a composer's choice of location. But nearing Klin the soil and crops are better and the country gets an entirely different skyline. There are some hills, and Klin is situated on a small stream. Upon inquiring at the Klin railway station everyone knew that there was a Tschaikowsky house, and it was not difficult to find those who could tell the way.

Walking out into the center of the town, the first matter of interest was a great assemblage of teams and wagons lined up and resting just outside of a saloon. The drivers were all inside. The interest lay largely in the fact that it was Sunday. Getting further into the city, there was found the great public market on two sides of an interesting church or monas-



CATHEDRAL AT KLIN

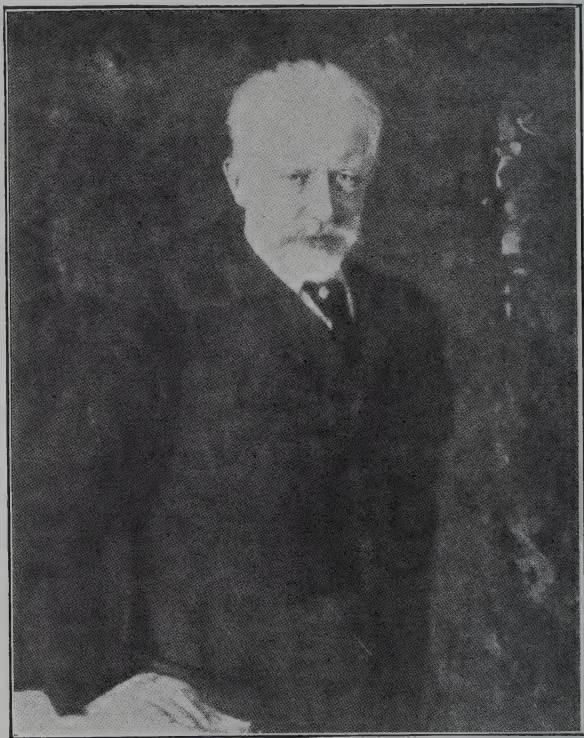
tery. Here the entire block was alive with market wagons, country produce, owners and the prospective buyers. It was crop time and the peasants kept the Sunday to go to the city market.

Going on around the market, to the south side of the monastery, the road led directly away to the southeast, across a pretty bridge, and the Tschaikowsky house was found as the last one out of town, well obscured by a small grove. The visitor went to the house and established the time suitable for a call in the afternoon, when Modest Tschaikowsky could be seen. As there were some hours to wait, here was opportunity to examine the neighborhood and observe the life of the citizens.



Across the road from the Tschaikowsky place, the open pasture looked inviting and promised a good view of the com-

poser's house seen from the higher ground. Four hundred yards away was a herd of cattle watched by two herdmen. It proved to be the milking property of all the citizens. The pasture was the property of the city, also the fine woods, a half mile further away southeast. It was noonday milking time. Within the next hour every path leading to the herd was occupied by milkmaids coming and going in every direction. They were gowned in every shade of color, they were of every



PETER ILYITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY (1840-93)

age. The unanimity lay in the fact that they were all milkmaids, and all barefoot.

Leaving this scene of Sunday work at noonday, the stranger went back, past the Tschaikowsky place, and began exploring from the west side. A narrow, muddy lane, flanked along the far side by peasant houses and straw sheds, led to the south, describing another side of a triangle formed by the southeast road and the south border of the twelve or fifteen acres of Tschaikowsky estate. From this side one had open

and pleasing view of the composer's home, though several acres of cabbage completely occupied the ground from the house to the receding road. The way led a quarter of a mile to the next stream and woods, and here was a very beautiful pond, seen in greatest attractiveness from the wooden bridge. During the hour spent along this road and pond, there were many peasants passing, many of them with their bundles of clothing prepared to leave the community, presumably to follow the harvests in other districts.

Returning to the town, the market life was already breaking and the peasants were beginning to drive away with their carts. On the street corner there were many loafers, and in front of a store were four laborers arguing in loud voice. It was a busy session, though not disorderly. The stranger stood by, learning Russian at a rapid rate. Suddenly the shop-keeper came out, and without speaking, motioned to the policeman at the center of the street. The officer came among the men and they moved promptly, most of them into the next door drinking place. It was a picture of lowly life and unquestioning submission. As to that, nearly the whole folk ensemble was a lowly, yet respectable one. The stranger could not help thinking the great cleft between this life and the cultured life of Tschaikowsky.



Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky's work day life was spent in three large upstairs rooms of his commodious and agreeable house. The stairs leading up are narrow, but solidly built and even handsome. The new comer first enters a large salon, with a piano at the center, with writing and other tables and desks, sofas and chairs ordered about, and with much light entering from the broad southeast windows.

The stranger had been shown up by an attendant, and inspection of the place was already begun when Modest Tschaikowsky entered. After greeting, Mr. Tschaikowsky explained that though his deceased brother's effects were kept here, in order as nearly as possible to that in which they were used by the composer, the effects had as yet no further standing than that of a private collection. It would become a public museum only at the death of the present occupant.

The family possessed numerous other interesting materials bearing directly upon the composer's life, and they had formerly found place in these rooms, but during the state of political agitation which prevailed in Russia about five years ago, he had felt that safety for them lay only in removal. He had since restored some of the effects then removed, but they were not yet all returned. From this salon, Mr. Tschaikowsky led the visitor to the adjoining northwest room, where the

composer had slept and done most of his writing. The bed was there, but most characteristic of all were two plain tables, each entirely without varnish or paint. Mr. Tschaikowsky said that his brother hated everything unreal and on this principle he used these two tables for years without allowing a coat of stain or varnish to be applied. Notwithstanding their agreeable workmanship, they had a primitive look in these surroundings, yet the larger one at the window had been almost the only work table used during all the later years of the composer's life.

From this room the visitor was next led back, crossing one side of the salon to enter the third room. The piano here was the one that had been most used by the composer. A great cabinet occupied one wall, now filled with the finest of medals, plates and trophies. The other walls are occupied by portraits and photos of the composer, his nearest friends and those who were closest to him in his career. There were the former Czar Alexander, Nicholas Rubinstein, Mme. von Beck,



TSCHAIKOWSKY SALON, KLIN

the late publisher Peter Jørgenson, Ed. Napravnik, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, and the intendant of the theatre which had brought out the Tschaikowsky operas. The eye was immediately taken by numerous photos of the composer, as a boy, as a college youth and as mature man and artist. Modest Tschaikowsky then showed the visitor to the enclosed veranda off the east corner of the salon. This was the shady side on afternoons, and the composer had spent many hours there. Mr. Tschaikowsky further indicated the unofficial character of the rooms and their effects, by saying that when relatives from Petro-

grad now visit him, they are allowed to occupy the sleeping room of the late composer.

At this point Mr. Tschaiakowsky prepared to leave the visitor in the rooms, for further leisurely inspection by the help of the attendant and the typewritten index to all of the photographs. Before going he replied to a question concerning his own literary work, that he was not now doing any work relating to the affairs of his deceased brother, but was translating a celebrated German history of philosophy. Then inviting the visitor to remain as long as he liked, Mr. Tschaiakowsky left the house, to keep an appointment in the city. He is of an engaging personality, of modesty, of great physical vitality and strength of feature, and mentality finely tuned, in every way a worthy companion to a great brother.



The photographs of the Tschaiakowsky collection, as well of the composer as of all his relatives and associates, constitute the most instructive feature. The early pictures of the composer were especially interesting. They represent a rugged youth who looked to have all the strength needed for outdoor sports. Among those taken in later life, the best ones show a man of much stronger feature than one suspects from those in fashion. The face of Modest Tschaiakowsky suggests this same element of physical vitality. The photos of the father, taken at sixty years, and at seventy years, are of feature still stronger and almost rough. The one picture of the mother, evidently in middle life, was that of a beautiful woman, full Russian and fine. Other photos included numerous groups of the composer, his four brothers and their earlier friends, and still oftener, those with Modest Tschaiakowsky, who was so closely associated in the work of the operas.

Of the non-relatives, those of Nicholas Rubinstein and Ippolitoff-Ivanoff were most frequent, as if these men had been with him more than any others. The only picture of Anton Rubinstein was a large sketch showing the great pianist in younger years. Some striking photos are a half dozen taken during a visit to Tiflis. These pictures are of scenes in the open, with the great mountains of the Caucasus in the distance. The company occupies several carriages, with six horses on each, not tandem, but six abreast. Ippolitoff-Ivanoff is also a member of that party and evidently a popular one, judging from the nature of the grouping and posing. However, there is never any doubt that the group is a Tschaiakowsky party.



Tschaiakowsky did not have a good memory for keeping his themes. He was thus compelled to set them down whenever they arrived. He often used programs, menus, or any

scraps of paper at hand to save his theme. The collection of his effects included one such written on a menu card. Among the few manuscripts shown, is one supposed to have been composed when he was seventeen years old. It is so primitive that the musicians wonder how one of Tschaikowsky's gifts could have written with so little evidence of talent. The composition is a song of probably twenty-four measures in three-four time. It was written before he had regular instruction. It must have been written at fifteen years, since the original published memoranda recently seen at Jørgenson's show not only the "Scherzo a la Russe," but the pieces of his opus 2, already scheduled for engraving in 1866, when he was sixteen years old. Nevertheless, all of his biographers lay especial stress upon the fact that he had made unusual progress in his technique of composition within one particular year of his study.



SUNDAY DRINKING HOUSE, KLIN

While leaving the Tschaikowsky house to return to the station, magnificent rain clouds came up from the south and overspread half the heaven. How poor is the storm scenery offered to opera goers in comparison to the grand canvas of nature. But nature's scene has a different outcome. The stranger got back into the city in time to get shelter from the rain for twenty minutes. Soon there came three drunken laborer youths down the center of the road, arm in arm, and in demonstrative conversation. They were wet through and it was still raining hard, yet they stopped every few feet of the journey to consider their problems to better advantage. The onlooker thought it would have been wise for them to come in out of the rain. But they didn't need shelter. The vodka they

drank was conducive to eloquence, and it was proof against rain and lightning.



The last scene at the railway station in Klin was all Russian. A hundred peasant men and women, either barefoot or in the unique Russian sandals, were lying around the platform waiting for some other train. They were surrounded by their bundles of clothing and provisions for a journey. Many were asleep on the floor, crouched together and face down as one sees them so often in this country. The Moscow train left the station. The view at either side was soon obscured by a high, grassy embankment, but after a half mile out, the road was free and one saw the churches, the city—and in the long grove to the south, the white windows and brown siding of the Tschaikowsky house. The train ran by a beautiful little village of the Russian thatched huts, but that did not obstruct the view toward the Tschaikowskys. A minute later both hills and trees combined to close the scene. It had been a day of pure enjoyment.

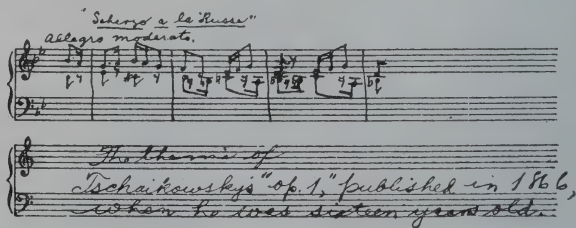
RUSSIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS

WITH THEIR POLISH AND HUNGARIAN COLLEAGUES

The richest of all store houses for the music of both Russian artist and Russian folk is that of the publisher P. Jørgenson in Moscow. Since the actual work of engraving and printing the music of the entire world is principally done in Leipsic, Jørgenson's is one of the few Russian houses which has its own engraving plant. This house was founded by Peter Jørgenson in 1861. He died in 1903, leaving the business to a daughter and the two sons, Boris and Gregory, who still manage and control. The very first composition published by Jørgenson was Nicholas Rubinstein's "Valse," op. 16, for piano. The next number included two gavottes by Johann Sebastian Bach, and in the years following the large work of the house was the publishing of Schubert and Schumann, under the editing of Nicholas Rubinstein, who was also the general musical adviser.



It was five years after the founding that the house brought out the opus 1, by Tschaiikowsky, a piano composition termed a "Scherzo a la Russe." The same year saw his second opus in this catalogue, a group of pieces called "Ruines d'un Chateau," "Scherzo" in F major, and "Chant sans Paroles." The piano virtuoso of today who still has difficulty with Balakirew's "Islamey" fantasy may be interested to know that Jørgenson published that work in 1869, following the same year with a number of songs by the same composer.



While examining Leipsic's publisher catalog a few years ago, it was observed in connection with one of those having former Russian affiliations, that in the early history of music publishing in Russia it was the custom for all publishers unrestrainedly to help themselves to the reprinting of all composi-

tions by non-Russian composers. There was no Russian copyright treaty with any foreign country and foreigners could pirate Russian works just as freely as Russians could pirate foreigners. Everything was free, going and coming, so long as it had to do with the product of another country. Not only a valuable output by the classic and romantic composers, but a great mass of popular opera and operetta successes thus fell to the profit of the Russians. The business proceeded with a high hand, just as music pirating proceeded so famously in America for some decades, but one did notice some occasional sentiment against it. A number of Russian publishers even voluntarily destroyed some thousands of roubles' worth of plates in their possession and discontinued reprinting.



The Russians have been sometimes represented in international copyright conferences, and notably one in Berne, Switzerland, but whatever negotiations then occurred failed to find adoption in Russian law. The present Russian copyright law is one that has been in force for generations. It will protect the compositions of no foreigner except one who has lived in Russia. But the time has already come when the output of Russian composers needs full protection in foreign lands, just as the others need protection from the Russians. There is relief in sight, insofar as a copyright bill has passed second reading in the national Duma. Still the bill has not yet been considered by the higher chamber, and the publishing interests can not now predict what kind of opposition or alteration may arise before the bill gets through. Neither can anybody guess how much time may elapse before the matter comes to decision.

When Peter Jørgenson began engraving and publishing at Moscow in 1861, there was some previous history of music publishing there, but it is not known whether such firms engraved their own plates or followed the usual plan of having engraving done abroad. The present plant of Jørgenson employs one hundred persons, among whom are three women music engravers. The plant is finely equipped with modern machinery and presses, the largest press from Offenbach-am-Main. The work is conducted in special buildings, hardly a mile from the center of the city, not more than fifteen minutes' journey from the great retail store on the Neglinny Proyezd. Aside from the Jørgenson and minor operations in Moscow, the music engraving of Russia is confined to Petrograd, Odessa and Kiev.



The musical wealth of the Jørgenson catalogue will be understood from the fact that its 35,000 numbers comprise not only their own publishing since 1861, but the acquisition of

plates and rights of no less than fifteen other Russian firms. The following catalogues were assimilated:

Melye, Petrograd 1870.

Erlanger, Moscow 1875.

Greiner & Bauer, Linyeff, Petrograd 1877.

Kartceff, Petrograd 1877.

Krug, Sturmer & Gabler, Petrograd 1880.

Bernard (8,000 numbers), Petrograd 1885.

K. Meykoff, Moscow 1889.

J. Leibrock, Petrograd 1890.

Zeitzen, Riga 1892.

Bittner (a part thereof), Petrograd 1894.

Y. Sokoloff, Petrograd 1898.

T. Bernard, Odessa 1900.

K. Bernard, Petrograd 1902.

Gonyer, Petrograd 1903.

Through aggregation of works that came in under widely varied standards of selection and editing, it is apparent that the complete catalogue contains a great deal of dead material, nevertheless the living material is a very large and useful one. At a hurried glance through the firm's finely printed list, a stranger does well to guess approximately on those works which have value. The appended notes purposely avoid mention of usual European classics, which are found here in great completion. The aim is especially to indicate the treasures of the classic and modern Russian literature.



The Jørgenson musical literature embraces many operas with their vocal and orchestral excerpts in many arrangements for concert. The concert literature for solo instruments and voice with orchestra is comparatively small and is catalogued with the orchestral works. There are only Arensky's violin serenade and violin concerto; a Davidoff cello fantasy; the Sibelius D minor violin concerto; Tscherepnine's piano concerto and Arends' concertino for alto-viol.

The cantatas and vocal scenes with orchestra include Rimsky-Korsakoff's transcription of Borodin's "Ballade of the Sea"; A. Taneieff's ballad and musical episodes on Tolstoy poems; vocal scenes by Arensky, Georg Conus, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, S. Taneieff, Cui, Gretchaninoff and Sibelius (mixed chorus "Gefangene Kneigin").

The purely orchestral compositions include the Arensky first symphony, variations on a Tchaikowsky theme, an intermezzo for strings, an overture "Songe sur le Volga" and four suites. Further, Balakirew's symphonic poem "Thamar," an overture on Russian themes and his "Islamey" fantasy; Georg Conus' "Scenes Enfantines"; Iljinsky's first and second suites and the symphonic fragment "Psyche"; Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's Caucasian suite; five character pieces; the suite "Iveria," the musical tableau "On the Volga," and an "Armenian Rhapsody"; "Napravnik's "Melancholie," and "Dubrovsky" intermezzo for strings, two Spanish pieces and a fantasy and "Erzählung" for large orchestra; Rachmaninoff's fantasy, op. 7; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," "Introduction and Cortege" from his opera of the "Golden Cockerel," also four tableaux from the same, as a suite, and his transcription of Borodin's "Sleeping Princess"; Cesar Cui's orchestral valse, op. 65; Goddicke's first symphony; a miniature suite and a Christmas suite by Rebikoff; A. Taneieff's third symphony; S. Wassilenko's first symphony,

his "Epic Poem," and symphonic poems "Garden of Death" and "Hercules Nocturnis," Jean Sibelius suite "Pelléas et Mélisande," his third symphony (C major), symphonic fantasy "Pohjola's Daughter," the suite "Belshazzar," intermezzo "Echo and Pan," a suite for small orchestra "Schwanenweiss," and musical poem "Night Ride and Sunrise"; Tscherepnine's gavotte for small orchestra; Kallinnikoff's chanson triste and orchestral suite; M. Gnessin's symphonic fragment after Shelley, and Arends' ballet suite "Sallambo."

Besides the complete operas of Glinka, Rubinstein and Tschaiakowsky, there are Arensky's "Raphael"; Cesar Cui's dramatic scenes "Mattea Falcone"; Blaraberg's "Maria of Burgundy"; Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's "Ruth"; Napravnik's "Harold" and "Nijni-Novgorodians"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Golden Cockerel" and Cesar Cui's "Captain's Daughter."

Chamber music includes string quartets in G minor and A minor by Arensky; Glinka's F major; I-Ivanoff's op. 9 and 13; Napravnik's A major; Ladoukhire's F major; Gebel's op. 27; one by Rimsky-Korsakoff; Taneiff's B flat minor; Tschaiakowsky's op. 11, 22, 30; Cui's op. 68; Kouznetzoff's op. 17; one by Ratchinsky; Zolotareff's third quartet; and Sibelius' "Voces Intimæ."

Piano trios include Tschaiakowsky's op. 53; Arensky's D minor op. 32 and his op. 73; Glinka's trio pathétique arranged from the original trio for piano, clarinet and bassoon; Taneiff's D major, op. 22.

The quintets are seven by Gebel, also Gebel's double quintet; Tschaiakowsky's serenade, op. 48; Kallinnikoff's two miniatures.

Sextets include the Glinka sextet with piano; Tschaiakowsky's "Souvenir de Florence," and Davidoff's op. 12.

Sonatas for piano and violin include one by Napravnik; Catoire's op. 15; Bleichmann's op. 15; Novikoff, G. Christiani, Nicolaieff's G minor; W. Butzow's op. 7; a sonata and a suite by S. Barmotine. There are also new sonatas for cello and piano, by N. Potolowsky (D minor) and Theo. Akimenko, op. 37.

The compositions for piano are especially profuse, with more than seventy-five pieces from sixteen different opuses by Arensky. There are thirty-four pieces by Theo. Akimenko; eleven by Catoire; twenty-seven by Georg Conus; thirty-three by Cui, including his twenty-five preludes, op. 64; a few pieces by Glinka, including three fugues, some Mozart variations and two sets of variations on his own themes; four pieces by Goedicke; Siloti's editing of the famous "Hexameron" by Lizst-Thalberg-Pixis-Herz-Chopin; some twenty pieces by Leschetizky, including his "Lucia" finale for the left hand; six pieces by Moussorgsky; twenty by Napravnik; Rachmaninoff's six pieces, op. 16; Scriabin's eighteen earliest pieces to op. 9; Lhevinne's new concert valse, op. 15; S. Maykapar's petite classic suite and novelettes mignonnes of some eighteen pieces; N. Medtner's twenty pieces; eight by Tscherepnine; five by Tscherehshneff; fifty-six by Robert Gliere, including the twenty-five preludes, op. 30; Smetana's Bohemian rhapsody.

The Jørgenson song list occupies eighty pages of print, especially rich in the Russian folk literature, headed by the collection of Bernard, which is said to be the best extant. Of the others, there are more than one hundred songs by Alabieff, including his famous "Nightingale," in the edition sung by Adelina Patti. Then there are Arensky's op. 17, 21, 27, 38 and 44, besides separate selections from his three operas, further a number of duets besides the six children songs, op. 59; and his opus 49, 60, 68, 69, 70, 71, his music to Shakespeare's "Tempest," op. 75. Most of these works have Russian and German texts. Further are ten songs by Balakirew; four songs by Borodin; some songs and many operatic excerpts by Glinka; some seventy songs and duets by Dargomirshky; eighty Russian folk songs assembled by Edlitchka; fifty songs by I-Ivanoff, including ten settings of Shakespeare sonnets; thirty songs by Georg Conus; seventy-five by Cui, including Armenian poets; excerpts from three Napravnik operas; four early songs by Rachmaninoff; a dozen songs by Rimsky-Korsakoff, besides his editing of folk songs and the excerpts from the "Golden Cockerel"; many Rubinstein songs, as well as excerpts from his six operas and two oratorios; a publisher's collection of three hundred Gypsy songs; eighty songs by Tschaiakowsky, besides excerpts from all of his operas; five songs by Maykapar, thirty-five by N. Medtner, nine by Stecherbatcheff, sixty by Robert Gliere, eighteen by Julius Engel, ten by Alexander Goldenweiser, nine by S. Wassilenko, and forty by Rebikoff.

Among the usual large list of compositions preparing to issue in 1910 are Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's complete opera "Ermak"; Gnessin's sonata for cello and piano; a Zolotareff piano trio; Nikolsky's concerto for flute and piano; Rebikoff's miniature orchestral suite, his "Schneewittchen" and "Valse des Roses"; and Tcherewitchky's Tschaiakowsky suite. The composers Wassilenko and Gnessin are thought to be of the especially talented among those who are as yet less known.

A. GUTHEIL, MOSCOW

The publishing house of A. Gutheil in Moscow was established in 1859 by Alexander Gutheil, upon whose death the business went into the hands of his son, the present proprietor, Carl Gutheil. The catalogue contains a number of modern orchestral works, but the main publishing of the house is essentially Russian, and largely for piano solo, and voice with piano accompaniment. An especial feature is the collection of over five hundred Gypsy songs, issued separately. These are published only with Russian texts, as they are in fact songs only of the Russian Gypsies, in contradistinction to those of Bohemia and Hungary. They have been in process of assembling for many years, and it is doubtful if any other house has so large a number.

Orchestral works of the Gutheil catalogue include Gretchaninoff's B minor symphony; Iljinsky's symphonic scherzo; Liadoff's fantasy "By Streams and Bridges" for chorus and orchestra; complete orchestral scores to Glinka's operas "Life for the Czar" and "Russian and Ludmilla"; a half dozen works by Rachmaninoff, including his Bohemian caprice, his second and third piano concertos, his E minor symphony, the symphonic poem "Toteninsel," the cantata "Fruehling" and complete orchestral scores to his operas "Der geizige Ritter" and "Francesca da Rimini." Gutheil has also close affiliation with Breitkopf & Haertel in the publishing of twenty other instrumental and vocal compositions by Rachmaninoff.

The Gutheil piano literature has, besides a vast collection of classics and much popular Russian music, three pieces, op. 20, by Arensky; a half dozen by Balakirew; five by Catoire; pieces by Gretchaninoff; a mazurka and a berceuse by Josef Hofmann; a toccata and a chromatic valse by Leschetizky; six Japanese songs in piano settings by Mittelstedt; Dubuque's piano setting of a hundred and fifty folk tunes; piano scores to four operas by A. N. Cerov; Rachmaninoff works to include five fantasy pieces, op. 3, eight pieces, op. 10, variations op. 22, on a Chopin theme, ten preludes, op. 23, the D minor sonata, op. 28, and piano score to his opera "Aleko."

The songs embrace four by Arensky, six by Robert Gliere, twenty by Balakirew, sixty-five by Glinka, about thirty by Gretchaninoff, including four fables and a half dozen children's folk rhymes; seventeen by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, including ten for children; twenty-two by Napravnik, more than fifty by Rachmaninoff, besides the five hundred and twenty-eight Gypsy songs mentioned above. To those who sing German there are available from the foregoing, four by Arensky, all by Balakirew, Gliere and Rachmaninoff, five by Glinka, and fourteen songs and two duets by Gretchaninoff.

LEON IDZIKOWSKI, KIEV

The Kiev publishing house of Leon Idzikowski, established in 1859, formerly had most of the early compositions of Paderewski. These works were all contained in the firm's half century catalog of 1909, but they are all omitted from the latest catalog. One may infer that the composer bought them all up for his own control.

These works included his two piano morceaux of op. 1; variations and fugue, op. 11; sonata op. 21; variations and fugue op. 23; the A minor concerto op. 17; the Polish fantasia op. 19; piano and violin sonata op. 13; a dozen Polish songs of op. 7 and 9, with German and English texts; twelve songs of op. 12 on French poems by Catulle Mendes. There are a great many solo piano pieces, as three Polish dances of op. 5; six of op. 9; a May album of five romantic pieces op. 10; an album of six popular dances op. 12; six concert humoresques op. 14; three tableaux "In the Desert" in the form of a toccata op. 15; and seven miscellaneous pieces of op. 16.

Among other material found in the Idzikowski catalog are the second piano concerto in C sharp minor by Ch. V. Alkan; A. Chlebowski's "Car-naval of Kishineff" on national Moldau motives; B. Jankowsky's F sharp minor sonata op. 1; F. Jaronski's ten Ukrainian airs in piano setting, fifty

folk themes of Podol, Ukraina, and Minor Russia, assembled by Zentarsky and set for piano by Kocipinski. N. Lissenko has a vast material on themes of Minor Russia, also a sonata op. 16. Here are also A. Dunajewsky's old Yiddish historical opera "Bar-Kochba" or "Last Hour of Zion," in a prologue and five acts; further, the seven operas by St. Moniuszko, including "Halka," "Hrabina," "Jawnuta," "Strazny Dvor," "Verbum Nobile," "Widma" and "Zamek na Czorsztynie." Much of this material arouses speculation as to the Minor Russian and Polish musical literature of former generations, while much of it could still serve as a study of the national music of those localities.



Great interest attached to Mr. Paderewski's B minor symphony on the occasion of its first Leipsic rendition, in March under Arthur Nikisch at the Gewandhaus. From the various reviewing which the work received upon its New York giving a couple of seasons before, one read a wholesome respect, as if the composer had written something of value. On the very perfect and inspired rendition by the Gewandhaus orchestra, any former recognition of excellence is easily sustained, and other cordial expressions of appreciation added thereto.

In a new study of this voluminous work, which Nikisch played without a single elision, thus requiring an hour and seven minutes' time, one must remember that a composer who is writing his first symphony may not yet have acquired style and composer technic entirely differing from that of his predecessors and contemporaries. If also the gifted composer Paderewski had not a new tone language for the writing of this symphony, it must be said at once that he has written in very beautiful language and held remarkably to his own discourse. That is because his symphony everywhere develops logically from close, motivistic work in the thematics on which each movement is based. For a characterization of the musical content, it is observed that wherever the music is most intense and the inspiration at highest heat, the material nearest approaches the Russian, and in vitality and beauty easily worthy the best of a Tschaikowsky. Now, when one considers that the composer here had a program in mind, and that program a picture of the Polish revolution of 1646-48, it is seen that no compliment to the Russian was intended, but that at bottom Paderewski is a Slav. And Slav is Slav, whether Russian, Bohemian, Servian, Bulgarian or Polish.

For those who may have further interest in the Paderewski symphony, the notes herewith appended will show a series of impressions, written while the second performance was in progress. At the preceding public rehearsal, it had been observed that in each of the three movements there was much employment of an immensely effective half trill figure, amounting to a composer mannerism not far related from a figure in any of the Mendelssohn scherzos, though generally used here at about half the velocity.

First movement—Sombre, beautiful. It is strongly Russian mood and

beautiful. The *piu mosso* also very fine texture and spirit. All strings and horns muted the whole time. Noble music, at times in noble complaint. The whole Russian school would hardly turn out a stronger work. Now *vivace*, everything wide open. Enormous go in it. Is Slavonic, of course, where best. Keeps on seeming strongly Slavonic, and very fine music. Now the Mendelssohnian mannerism, strings over big horn business, as before. The same horn theme accompanied by half trill fiddles, slowly at interval of a second.

Andante—Also begins solemnly, its musical intention not so clear, and this may be weakest part of the symphony, though it soon warms up in the developing. Goes a little bit more Slavonic—was not that at first. There is fine music in it, agreeable writing for fiddles—is this and the work for viola corps his nearest approach to Wagnerian spirit or writing manner? But not close, even then. Again a figuration for violins, in the Mendelssohnian mannerism. Much of it, long time, fine also on cellos.

Finale—The Mendelssohn *scherzo* manner in evidence immediately, but good material. Now soon trumpets muffled, as used much by the moderns. Much calling, trumpets same figure, and big horns later. Again a terrible tempo, the orchestra is playing wonderfully, as yesterday. Now *fugato*, ever same figure for horns, the fiddles in the "mannerism." At fast tempo it seems so much more Slavonic, also see strange cross rhythm as employed by Glazounow and other Russians. It is a great noise producer, but nice for once. Now *andantino*, ever a treatment of the main figure. It is dreamy and reflective of previous busy time. Now funeral march, fine. Not an amazingly strong funeral march, but it may be on a Polish national theme. Begins new sighing, finely, freshly. It gets to be slightly conventional in this motionless, muted mood making. It warms in as *poco animato*, and especially with a Russian complaining figure, diatonic, down. Into the *vivace* again, the Wagnerian composing manner slightly. *Fugato* on material often heard earlier in the symphony. A very busy session. Now tremendous Polish six-eighths, beautiful, in wonderful playing by these fiddles. Terrific tempo, a real orchestra, yesterday and today.

Summarizing on the symphony as a whole, it is a mass of very beautiful material, held together extraordinarily well, notwithstanding the total of ten different tempo markings of the three movements.



After the evening rendition of the symphony, the writer had the pleasure of speaking with Mr. Paderewski for a minute in the artist room of the Gewandhaus. Upon the correspondent's remark that the symphony did hold unusually well to a single purpose and consistent and industrious manipulation of the themes laid down, Mr. Paderewski was visibly pleased. He said that he had this idea of the work and was glad when another should derive a similar impression.

ROZSAVOELGYI, BUDA PESTII

Buda Pesth has only one ambitious music publishing firm. The house of Rozsavœlgyi has brought to print a great deal of the Hungarian folk music, is publishing the principal works of Hungary's own present day composers and has begun accepting good works by non-Hungarian moderns. Their Old Hungarian instrumental music embraces Julius Kaldy's two volumes of piano solo material under the title of "*Schatze der Altungarischen Music*," also the same author's four hand arrangement of the same material.

The Hungarian folk songs are assembled in three collections, including Desider Demeny's "*Ungarische Volksweisen fuer Klavier zu 2 Hœnden*." Further, Zoltan Nagy's "*25 Ungarische Volks Liebeslieder*," with German texts and piano accompaniment; also "*101 Ungarische Volkslieder*" with Hungarian texts.

The modern Hungarians here represented include Bela Bartok's piano rhapsody with orchestra, string quartet, two Roumanian dances, three burlesques, "*quatre ne'nes*," "*Deux images*" for orchestra, and the first orchestral suite. This suite was first given by Nikisch in the Leipzig Gewandhaus some four years ago. At that time it was called a symphony, but as

then reported, the type of composing was not ideally symphonic, and some movements were more in the nature of great orchestral songs. Kodaly Zoltan has in this firm's catalog a string quartet, ten pieces and an adagio for violin and piano. Anton Molnar a sonatine for violin and piano, a serenade for violin, clarinet and harp, and a fantasy for clarinet and piano. G. Selden has three piano pieces and Wilhelm Gaza Zagon has three poems for piano solo.

The non-Hungarian composers include Emile Blanchet's four piano pieces op. 15, and his concertstueck for piano and orchestra. Sergei Bortkiewicz has two groups each of three piano soli, and the firm has just issued four piano pieces by Rudolph Ganz. Egon Wellesz has four piano pieces under title of "Der Abend," also sketches for voice with piano.

PIWARSKI & COMPANY, CRACOW

The Polish publishing firm of A. Piwarski & Company issues a catalog containing works exclusively by Polish composers. As yet the output consists of piano pieces and songs, but a start in chamber music has been made, and the future may bring more. Above all, the firm may be proud to have in its catalog the names of Karol Szymanowski, Franz Brzezinski and Ignaz Friedman. There is probability that Szymanowski is the best talent that Poland has brought out since Chopin. A symphony and a piano sonata brought out last season in Leipzig and other musical centers left a deep impression of talent and skill.

The Piwarski house has Szymanowski's C minor piano sonata op. 8, theme and variations op. 3, piano fantasy op. 14, and the five songs op. 13, with Polish and German texts. Brzezinski has here a "Triptique" op. 5, consisting of three preludes and fugues for piano, with subtitles of "Doubt," "Christmas in Poland" and "At the Sphinx." Ignaz Friedman has four piano miniatures op. 8, three "Pensees lyriques" op. 9, five "Causeries" op. 10, "Petites valse" op. 12, five morceaux op. 13, five "Aquerelles" op. 18, "Technical Problems" op. 19, five bagatelles op. 20, variations op. 24, three morceaux op. 25, three concert transcriptions of St. Moniuszko themes op. 28, theme varie op. 30, three intermezzi op. 31, a piano minuet, five impressions op. 38, three morceaux op. 39, a violin and piano romanza op. 32, and a dozen songs of opus numbers 17, 23 and 41. J. de Kopczynski has here the first string quartet op. 9, two valse and four morceaux for piano. By Stanislaw Lipski there are three piano morceaux op. 4, five morceaux op. 8, a dozen songs op. 9, and an improvisation op. 10, for violin and piano. Ludomir Rozycki has a ballade op. 18 for piano and orchestra, a piano balladina op. 25, and six songs op. 16. Karol Liszniewski has four songs, H. Melcer and W. Zelenski has each a sonata for piano and violin. There are piano scores with text to Wladislav Zelenski's four operas "Goplana," "Janek," "Konrad Wallenrod" and "Stara basn," also a number of choruses in various forms, as mass, cantata, solos with chorus and numerous liturgies by St. Bursa, Dec, Flaszka, Jan Gall, Sieroslavski and Zukowski.

If anyone doubts that the rest of the Piwarski catalog is Polish, then read such composer names as Novovieski, Szumowski, Cyrbes, Marek, Mirecki, Prusza, Sarnecka, Skarzynski, Skrzydlewski, Szopski, Vroblewski, Wronski, Zmigrod, Bohdanowicz, Lenczankowski, Niemojowski, Ostrowski, Powiadowski, Walewska, Wisnicki, Jochimecki, Noskowski, Skrzydlewski, Swierzynski and Czubski. Besides the music of all the above named composers, the Piwarski press has a number of books, including O. M. Zukowski's works of 1904, 1899 and 1902, on music of the first century of the Christian era, on the choreography of Polish music; and the third, a book of opinions and reflections on music.

NIJNI FAIR AND THE VOLGA

Twenty-five days of life among quaint surroundings had constituted the first visit to Moscow. Notwithstanding the previous two years of partly intense study of the Russian language, and most frequent association with Russian students in Germany, Moscow created impressions as of a distant world. At the conclusion of this stay, the next objective was the famous fair at Nijni Novgorod, on the Volga river, at a point nearly east and distant a one night run by train.

The writer may say at once that the Nijni fair is not of phenonemal interest after becoming slightly acquainted with Russian life. The three hundred acres of ground occupied is the low land where the Oka river flows into the Volga. Each spring the permanent brick trading booths and stalls are nearly or quite submerged by the Volga and Oka partnership. Because the writer arrived at the fair only a week after the beginning of the annual two month session, the usual motley army of dealer buyers from Asia had not yet arrived in full force. Small groups of Persians and Afghans were about the only non-Russians recognizable to an American.

And still the very distinguished visitor from Asia—the cholera—was already in daily attendance on these grounds, the official records showing about three new cases daily for each twenty-four hours. The American felt safety while following the strict rules as above outlined, yet the low ground and the several acres of lake which were permitted to remain and relieve the monotony of the plane were a menace to health. The house party of attendants upon the sales booth of the famous Moscow-Petrograd-Riga-Leipsic musical merchandise firm of Julius Heinrich Zimmermann had graciously taken the writer into their quarters, thus saving him both the expense and the casual linguistic inconveniences which would have yet accompanied the life in hotel. Aside from the jovial meal hours with the half dozen persons at the Zimmermann "quarters," as the Russians say, the work of seeing the main part of the city of Nijni Novgorod, situated on the high hill across the long pontoon bridge, could go on for some hours each day. The Kremlin constitutes the most important object for visit unless nature's view of the broad Volga and the low lands stretching to infinite space beyond, might be given first place.

The Nijni Novgorod upper town is hardly different from other Russian towns, and the Kremlin itself is mainly interesting for the great lower wall which extends down to the river and ends in a causeway out over the river. At the time of this

visit a brood of chickens belonging to the keeper who lived on the wall was seen up there leisurely scratching out an existence. Otherwise there was no life in the vicinity of the Kremlin on that day.

The time had come to leave Nijni for the sight-seeing trip down the Volga, with Samara as destination. In another chapter there is a special report on the extraordinarily interesting songs of the dock crews along the river. The present chapter has to do with other incidents, and the first incident is the strong cholera reflection which became finally crowded in upon the traveler's consciousness. On the morning of the start there were so many errands about the town that the writer could only buy his Russian newspaper as usual, but find no single moment of leisure to look into it until the steamer had left the Nijni landing. Going then into the cabin, the paper was first examined for the daily cholera bulletins. The



Nijni Novgorod, north to Kremlin wall and Volga

very first item showed that on the afternoon before, the pilot of this steamer had been taken off, as a cholera sufferer. The disease was thought to have been acquired from eating water-melon.



Now this was coming to be exciting sport. Though the traveler was sure he had taken not the remotest chance against the game, the fact that he some hours later experienced a slight bleeding from the gums was thought sufficient to arouse apprehension of malaria or fever, if not cholera. Malaria was not to be coveted, and for present purposes of travel, cholera was considered wholly impracticable and undesirable. Moreover,

the trip was leading south, where the cholera frequency was much greater than at Nijni, according to daily bulletins from the Volga cities of Kasan, Simbirsk and Samara. In this emergency the traveler appealed to the boat's medical adviser, who happened to be the captain himself. The interview was easy because the captain had navigated international waters and spoke good English. He said that everyone need be on guard. The traveler should take heavy doses of quinine at intervals of about six hours. Upon this advice and treatment the malarial "cholera prospect" suddenly improved and in twenty-four hours knew surely that the funeral had been called off. The present epidemic had first shown its virility much farther south, at the important city of Rostov-on-the-Don. There the loss of life had been terrible, and so persistent the plague, that



NATIVE PIG AT VOLGA BANK

the Rostov country consistently maintained sympathy as the most unfortunate district of the empire.

With the cholera scare happily traded in on a malaria which was so quickly vanquished, the American traveler was again free to enjoy the quiet but beautiful scenes along the Volga. The wide, low banks, covered by the bright green of the Nebraska plains, constituted the Volga as a great and highly magnified edition of the Platte. Though the water stage was so low as to cause one full day delay on a two-day schedule, the river occasionally broadened to nearly a mile, while the flocks and herds at the river's edge were viewed at a distance. Without wishing a record for improbable truths, the farm born traveler asserts that at the farthest water edge it was sometimes difficult to tell whether the flocks were of pigs, sheep or goats. In vindication of an unimpaired eye-

sight and a heroic love of veracity, it is stated that the Petrograd photographer who developed the film for the accompanying picture of a native pig, unsuspectingly referred to it as a dog. And whatever is dog to a Russian in Russia should be, by special dispensation, dog, sheep or pig to an American seven thousand miles from home.

Further observation of the hogs along the Volga included the native sows seen wandering about the levees at Kasan. These animals, generally white, with pale black spots were strangely marked by tufts of long hair, depending from the briskets. The kodak films of them were accidentally destroyed. The half day at Kasan permitted a trip into the town. A street railway ran past many acres of cordwood, which occupied every valley and draw along the miles of low land. Similar stores of wood were present at many other points along the Volga, and the mammoth stores of cordwood had been observed often on the rail trip between Warsaw and Moscow.

KASAN MARKET

One of the strangest scenes of the entire nine weeks' first trip to Russia was the second-hand market at Kasan. The dominating attribute for the entire market was squalor. The place was a half square, bounded by the most primitive booths and shops of artisans, while the entire center was occupied by enterprises of the lowliest description. On the bare ground at one place a peasant had spread out for sale a few articles absolutely without worth—a battered samovar, a few bottles, pieces of damaged hardware, nails and any trinkets of which he happened to obtain possession. At various places, also on the bare ground, women had half circle layouts of old shoes, to be had either in pairs or singly. At one corner the ever-present Jews, to number a half dozen, mingled among the crowd and offered the second hand coats or trousers they carried on their shoulders. There were the vendors of the mild plantain cider called "kvass," and among the crowd of spectators there was a liberal sprinkling of Tartars, who were preferably the easy marks for the entire trade. These simple folk very strongly suggestive of the American Indian, had come in from the neighboring country districts and they were good onlookers, whether they could purchase or not. In later Russian travels, especially at Kiev and Kremyenchug, the writer realized that these second-hand markets were variously scattered over the empire.

MOHAMMEDANS AT SAMARA

The arrival at Samara was very early morning, and because the journey back to Moscow would probably begin that night,

the traveler took a cab to the railway station, where he checked baggage and had breakfast. This station furnished another scene begging description. The occasion for amazed observation was the Mohammedan populace which was changing trains on the famous pilgrimage to Mecca. Every room and corridor was piled high with baggage and the owners who watched and slept over it. Outside the building, the bare ground in a circular park of a possible fifty yards circumference was actually covered by the sleeping pilgrims who could find no room in the station. Against the outer walls of the building, against every fence, there was this surplus of men, women and children who must wait a day or two for the particular train to take them toward the Black Sea and the water route to Arabia. A strange circumstance in connection with this change of trains was that many were wealthy Mongolians from the Siberian interior, and many had come from Tashkend in Southwest Asia, a starting point hundreds of miles nearer Mecca than the city of Samara. And that was the exigency arising in a country having no direct roads to the southwest.



Now the Mohammedan is not accustomed to save his prayers until he gets to Mecca. He prays along the way, and it was this which brought forth complaint from the owner of the home adjoining the Samara station. The Mohammedans found the station and the park too crowded for effective meditation, so they prayed over this neighbor's fence until it was demolished, after which prayer was conducted in her yard. Many times the house wife had gone out and dispersed them, yet her efforts had gained no permanent success. The basic trouble was that each day brought other Mohammedans and each group was as meditative and prayerful as the group before.

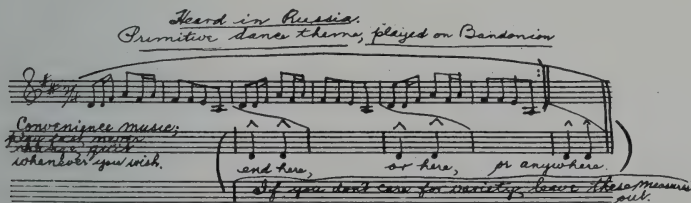
An American business man met at the Samara station had just come up from the south, where the cholera was at its worst. He thought that the Asiatic germ was paying heavy overcharge for the deaths it was thought to be causing. To illustrate, he spoke of a peasant who had eaten two large green cucumbers and next day died of "cholera." The business man thought that on occasion the American cucumber had also turned out this "Asiatic" trouble.

MUSIC OF VOLGA CREWS

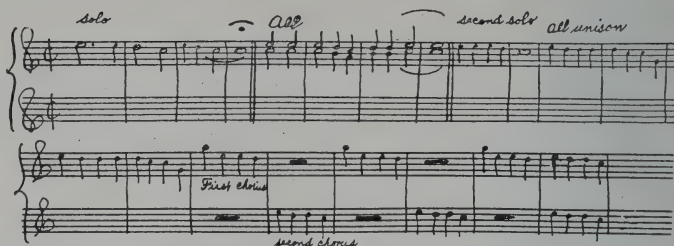
While on the three days' steamer trip down the Volga river from Nijni Novgorod, it was the traveler's luck to hear Russian dock hands singing at their work. The start from

Nijni Novgorod was delayed several hours on account of a troop of cavalry which was to be taken to Kasan. The troop was being received across river from the great floating building which was passenger dock and express and business offices combined. The traveler heard men singing as soon as he came to the dock, but supposed the crew was idle and singing for pastime until the steamer should come over to their side. But as the singing was repeatedly set up within the next few minutes, the stranger went around to see the performers. Then he knew that the men had been at work the entire time and were singing while turning around a lateral windlass or capstan, to which a great cable was attached. They only sang while walking around in the circle, pushing the beams. Their song was many times started, and abruptly stopped when they ceased turning the beams. Nevertheless, the song was impressive, given out in sturdy simplicity as it was. The vocal quality heard would not pass muster in a collection of real songbirds, and it is a safe guess that every voice was in a degree vodka dried. There was yet unusual value in the musical idea and in the plan of singing it.

The Kasan song was heard for an hour while the crew of a dozen men was loading some huge coils of gaspipe. The theme was of much greater rhythmic vigor and better adapted to "short hauls," if of considerably less musical value than the one sung at Nijni. Between the inland cities of Minsk and Smolensk two peasants got off the train and one danced to entertain himself and the crowd while the train took on express and passengers. The musician played a type of accordion called bandonion. The unique feature of his tune was that it went very fast and never got away from its two measures content, except to introduce two marcato quarters as an occasional resting place. With these two quarters it was just as easy to close the tune in three measures as in five, seven, nine or eleven.



At Nijni the dock crew was heard to sing the melody which comprised

Sailor song at Nijni Novgorod.

The introductory phrase as solo.

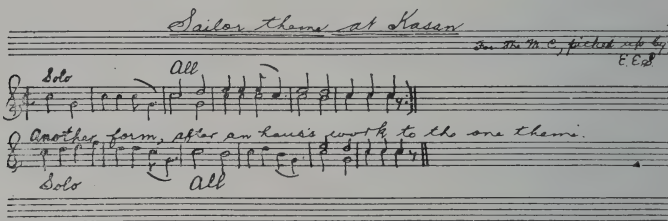
The answer in two-part chorus.

A second phrase as solo.

A chorus continued in unison.

Further unison singing as two separate choruses in alternation.

Thirty-six hours later the regular crew at Kasan sang a theme comprising only:

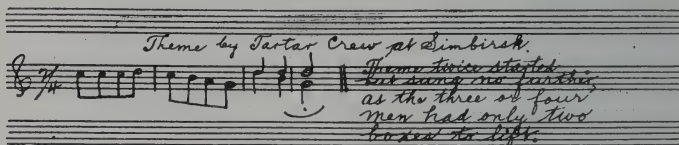


Introductory phrase as solo.

Answer and continuation as chorus in two parts.

Further occasional variation of the introductory solo phrase, and a slight variation of the answers in two-part chorus.

Still a day later, at Simbirsk, a strongly Mongolian crew of Tartars had no common work adapted to develop their song, and the one four-measure phrase they sang was only given twice.



The musical import of their theme was closely related to that of the Kasan song, and was hardly more than a para-

phrase. At first glance one may think the Nijni and Kasan themes also related, but on better acquaintance the musical content of each is found to be comparatively independent of the other, and especially since the Nijni theme is sung so much slower.

SAMARA TO MOSCOW

The forty hours' run of 750 miles to Moscow was mainly interesting because of the rich, black lands that were along the way, yet as nowhere else during the stay in Russia had the traveler seen so large villages of the real peasants. In some villages there were assembled some thousands of the squalid huts, with no single house, only a white cathedral standing out as the one piece of civilization for the whole. At every station little children came to the trains, offering berries, milk or whatever they could bring to sell. A fellow traveler said



CHILD'S FUNERAL PROCESSION, MOSCOW

that these were mostly children of the laborer peasants. The boys could go to school for a while if they wished, but generally stayed away. The girls were never intended to go and there was no provision for their going. The customary wage for the peasant father was seventy roubles for seven months summer work, and that was \$5 per month without board. For the winter the peasant probably found some factory work, or as frequently happened in years of lean harvest, he and his family perished.

The practical working of the Russian indifference and

sometimes direct antagonism to education had been daily observed for the twenty-five days recently spent in Moscow. There the traveler's landlady, who was following the calling of a midwife, could neither read nor write. The house servant, a worthy woman who had grown sons in the Crimea, could not read the amount of the wash bill she presented. Many cab drivers could not read the street numbers to which they engaged to drive, and one particularly aggravating incident may have depended as much on stupidity and collusion as illiteracy. This case had to do with finding a music engraving plant about a mile and a half from Moscow's business center. The traveler approached a driver and asked if he knew the street. The driver correctly repeated the address and said he knew. The drive began, but when the way had evidently led farther than the trip was thought to be, the driver halted and asked a policeman about the street. Here again the driver gave the right street, but the policeman said he didn't know where it was. In disgust the traveler got out, paid a few kopecks for the service so far and walked two blocks to find the next officer and street car, and soon reached destination. On the busy Tverskaya square an officer had once directed the stranger to a distant square, where another would further advise him. That proved satisfactory, but it seems that on the previous occasion with the cab driver, the officer had failed in his own district.

OPERA AT PETROGRAD

The people's opera in Petrograd (at the Narodny Dom) is given in an enclosed pavilion, while at Moscow the folk's opera pavilion is open everywhere in front of the stage. The stage, dressing rooms and orchestra pit are substantially built, yet the Moscow house gives no weather protection but the roof. Besides the reserved seats, which sell at from twenty cents to a dollar, the Moscow pavilion has room at the sides and front permitting a thousand persons to stand and hear the opera for ten cents, which is the simple price of admission to the garden. In Petrograd several hundred persons may stand and hear the operas for ten kopecks, which is but five cents American currency. The repertory in both cities remains principally Russian, and adds such French and Italian favorites as "Carmen," "Traviata," "Faust" and "Aida." Russian operas recently heard at Petrograd included Rubinstein's "Nero," Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff" and Napravnik's "Doubrovsky."

MOUSSORGSKY'S "BORIS GODOUNOFF"

In earlier reports on operas given in Moscow, it was shown

that there was great value in every one. So is Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff" one of the best inspired and most individual and Slavonic of all. One must not now omit to state that in order to attain this even result in musical values the regisseur at each opera has to do heroic cutting and patching on nearly every one of the works given. The same is true of Tschaikowsky, just as of Glinka, Dargomwirshky, and especially Rubinstein and Napravnik. Rubinstein's "Nero" and Napravnik's "Doubrovsky" would seem to owe their present existence not so much to their value as music as to their stories, and their respective stage pictures of Roman and Russian life. Nevertheless "Nero" contains a number of themes of considerable character, while poverty prevails in their orchestration. The orchestra drifts along and gets into plenty of tone volume without having much really musical or inventive work to do. The "Doubrovsky" orchestra is still less interestingly employed. Were it not for several agreeable female choruses the opera, as music, would be hardly worth giving. The orchestra drifts through pages and pages of score without getting a real theme to play or any descriptive figure to develop.



Moussorgsky's opera, on the other hand, is of intense vitality in every number. The "Russian" character is so pronounced as to seem directly barbaric in many selections. It may be recalled that Moussorgsky's symphonic poem "Night on bare Mountain," which was heard in Moscow, was possessed of three or four themes of extraordinary potency. It is just such evidence that leads one to conclude that no Russian, not even Tschaikowsky, ever wrote themes of greater individuality than those by Moussorgsky. It seems that just now there is no Russian composer whose talent can approximate that of either of these men. In this connection it may be stated that any musician who would know the whole gift of Tschaikowsky must hear the opera "Mazeppa." That work carries tremendous musical content for hours, and if there are any weak numbers in the score the regisseur at Moscow does not let them get through to performance.

Returning to Moussorgsky, one must note the striking truth that his "Boris Godounoff" has but one comedy scene, and that this is the only bit of comedy observed in a total of eight Russian operas. The comedy here is only a scene of drunkenness, and one eminently in place while depicting the complete life of the Russians. The opera otherwise includes impressive choruses, unceasing invention for the orchestra, beautiful numbers for the vocal principals, and the whole in a wide range of mood, as of the sad, of Oriental or barbaric, ecclesiastic, and of Russian folk. There is no trace of Mozart,

as is often found in these operas, and only once, late in the evening, is there a bit of Wagnerian color brought out by the cellos, before the beginning of the polonaise. As this opera was first given in 1874, when the composer was thirty-five years old, it is not improbable that he had already observed something of the Wagnerian instrumentation.



The pavilion of the Opera Bouffe, where was heard a giving of Offenbach's "Beautiful Helena," has a building plan the same as at the people's operas. The stage and dressing rooms, also the orchestra pit are substantial, while the public sits only under a roof and many hundred persons stand at the front and sides, on the outside. The orchestra at this house is entitled to distinction as the most inadequate operetta orchestra heard anywhere for seasons. The guest singer of this evening, Mr. Clementyeff as Paris, son of Priam, is known all over Russia in a number of favorite comic opera roles as well as a number in grand opera, as instance the title role of Rubinstein's "Nero" which he sang at the Narodny Dom a few evenings after the Offenbach role here.

NIKISCH HOUSE AND HAYDN HAUNTS

STRANGE ERRORS IN DESTINATIONS

Arthur Nikisch was born in the country village of Lebeny St. Mielos, Hungary. On a hunt for the Nikisch birth house, the traveler first came into the wrong village of Fertő St. Mielos, and unintentionally put up for a night at the only inn of Esterhazy village, just across the road from that part of Esterhazy castle in which Josef Haydn had spent several summers. The Haydn find came naturally as a great surprise. The other St. Mielos and the Nikisch house were found on the third day. The traveler had spent the second day very happily through unusual kindness of the reigning Esterhazy's secretaries, at Esterhazy estate and at Eisenstadt castle, respectively, the junior and senior Drs. Merenyi. The young secretary at Esterhazy gave the writer a card to his father at Eisenstadt. When the traveler arrived there, after a couple of hours' run by train, he was cordially received and extended many courtesies, as a later exposition will show.



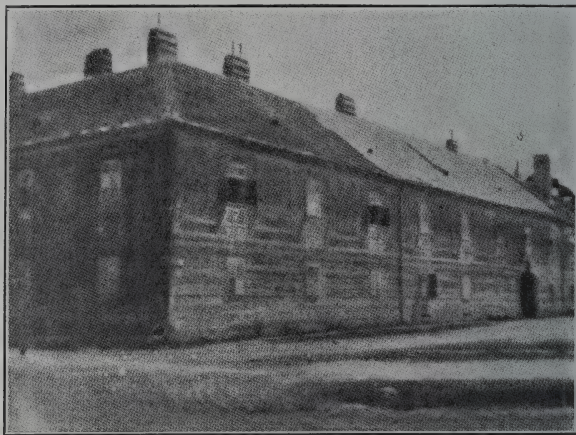
The pilgrimage to St. Mielos and the interesting side trips, fallen into by mistake, came through a meeting with Professor Nikisch and members of his family at the Vienna music festival. The writer asked about the birthplace of the Professor, and his sister, who was present. They said that it was in Hungary, between Vienna and Buda Pesth. They had wished to visit the place again, but had not been able to find a convenient time, and now the professor was hurrying back to a siege of work for the next season's Gewandhaus orchestral programs at Leipsic. A photograph of the house existed, but not in duplicate. Then it was that the correspondent expressed a wish to visit the place for himself, and that would be easy to arrange, as Buda Pesth was already a part of the schedule of travel. Since the down river trip was intended, the pilgrimage to the conductor's birthplace would be made on the way back to Vienna.



In giving instruction for the journey Professor Nikisch explained that by return from Buda Pesth, St. Mielos would not be reached by the usual Pressburg route, but by way of Raab. The house would be found adjoining a sugar factory, for which factory and neighboring estate his father had been so-called exactor or comptroller in 1885. Without mention of the sugar factory the pilgrim would never have found the Nikisch house, yet it was the factory which led the way to the

wrong St. Mielos and Esterhazy. By a strange coincidence, Fertœ St. Mielos now has a sugar factory, while the Nikisch St. Mielos has none. The latter has only a general factory which occupies ground just by the old site.

The traveler had already learned at Buda Pesth that there were two villages of St. Mielos, not far from Raab, but did not doubt that it would be easy to decide on the right one upon arrival at the point of change. After two hours' fast run from Buda Pesth, Raab was reached at 7:30 evening. There was immediate confusion upon inquiry for St. Mielos. A station official suggested an accommodation train which would leave within a few minutes. But in order to be sure of the destination, the traveler stated that he wished to get to the St. Mielos where a sugar factory was located just at the railway station. Thereupon the stranger was put upon another train which would also leave within a few minutes. Only the



HAYDN HOUSE OF CASTLE AT ESTERHAZY

present train would not stop at the factory, but ticket would read to Esterhazy, about a mile farther on the road. A spur of the road ran to the factory but only freight trains stopped there. The fact that a station named Esterhazy had come into the tour was a bit suspicious, but the other train was now gone and there was nothing to do but try the luck of a sportsman and risk getting to St. Mielos that evening.

After an hour's run from Raab the stranger and his baggage were set out at Esterhazy station. The train conductor pointed just across street to the inn as the stopping place for the night. The proprietor thereof said that he was sorry, but he had taken in another guest and his house was already full.

A cultured and elderly bystander saw the situation and advised that the best to be done was to drive with him and his coachman across country to Esterhazy village, some twenty minutes from the station of the same name. There would be lodging surely obtainable at the large inn. This suggestion was gladly accepted. During the drive the writer asked further about St. Miclos.

The elderly gentleman did not know that Arthur Nikisch was born at St. Miclos, but he was pleased to learn of it. Furthermore, he said that the village we were about to visit had a valuable musical tradition as the former home of Haydn, while in the service of Prince Esterhazy. There was no music making there, but the house was known to this day as the "Music House." The music house was pointed out just before the carriage pulled up at the inn. The situation was interesting, whether the next day was to bring difficulties or not.



There is no need to trace Fertő St. Miclos longer. The traveler started out early morning on a couple of miles' walk



OX POWER ON THRESHING ENGINE, ESTERHAZY

to the factory, only to find that nobody knew anything about Nikisch. That no neglect might arise, the rector of the church was sought out and asked to examine the village birth records for 1855. There was no evidence of a Nikisch family. An old citizen happened to know that the other St. Miclos had had a sugar factory many years ago. The error was now evident.

Before leaving Esterhazy the traveler wished to know more about Haydn's residence there. The information could be obtained only by applying at the castle. When shown in to see the young secretary there, the visitor frankly told that

he was in this territory on an error, and that in search for the birthplace of one musician he had come upon the old haunts of another. Dr. Merenyi was in immediate sympathy with a Nikisch-house pilgrimage, for he had just been present at the Vienna festival for the sensational concert under Nikisch. Dr. Merenyi said that Haydn had spent only summers at Esterhazy, because, then as now, it had been the custom of the reigning prince to be here for several weeks at midsummer. By far the greater time was lived at Eisenstadt. At the latter place were now found the Haydn Museum, also the grave, and numerous recollections of the composer. At this point the secretary kindly offered a card of introduction which would make a visit to the Haydn effects in Eisenstadt very easy. The journey would require a couple of hours, with one change of train, and Lebeny St. Miclos could be found next day by completing the grand circuit of which Esterhazy and Eisenstadt



POST WAGON AT ESTERHAZY

formed a part. Dr. Merenyi was thoughtful enough to ask if the traveler had been able to find anything to eat in their village, and he further offered a carriage to the station. He was really concerned about the food prospects at the local inn, and said that at least in an Eisenstadt hotel one would find proper rations. Hereupon the traveler could truthfully report that he had eaten, and as the town post wagon was also a public conveyance to the station, there was no need to draw on these favors as they concerned Esterhazy castle. The card to the older Dr. Merenyi was gladly accepted. The apprehension as to food accommodation in Esterhazy was not entirely without ground, as a later paragraph will indicate.

It was late afternoon when the card from Esterhazy was

presented to the senior Dr. Lajos Merenyi at Eisenstadt. That gentleman was immediately available and the tour of visiting began. First came the Haydn Museum in the castle, with one great room containing two walls of drawers, with the orchestral and choral music used by Haydn and his musicians. Along one wall the drawers contained the secular works, along the other were those of the church. There were numerous practically unknown paintings of Haydn, and several groups of musical instruments that had been in use, especially for chamber music. During the life of Haydn, various governments had issued white medallions in his honor. He had been very proud of these, therefore bequeathed them back to the Esterhazy family as one of the most cherished of his possessions. These medallions are all to be seen here. On various walls were neatly framed, beautifully written, manuscript canons, in the composer's hand. He had jovially said that he was too poor to buy paintings, therefore he would decorate with works of his own hands. Without leaving this large museum room, one could look through an indoor window into the chapel where services were held in Haydn's time. There had been alterations in the choir loft, but as the chapel finally was no longer in use, the loft had been restored to its original design.



Dr. Lajos Merenyi thoughtfully asked if the visitor might have interest in a Canova statue of Ludovica Esterhazy which occupied a little temple alone on the raise of ground in the park which opened up just behind the castle. The privilege of a view being gladly accepted, Dr. Merenyi sent a youth along, not only to show the way to this statue, but to the church out in the city, where would be seen the crypt containing Haydn's body. As these two errands would require forty minutes, Dr. Merenyi would meet the traveler in the hotel and would guide personally to other Haydn resorts about the town.

Ludovica Esterhazy, who had been a much beloved member of the princely family, a patron of art, and in fact, a long time pupil and friend of the sculptor, is shown here by Canova in remarkably fine spirit. The statue bears date of 1805. The effect it produces, so serenely housed and seen in this temple, among great trees and beautiful sward stretching down to the castle, is poetic in a high degree. The place was one at which to spend hours instead of the few minutes that could be given to it.



Going out of the park from a gate at one side of the castle, there was a five minutes' walk up a hill, to the church of Haydn's burial. The attendant led the visitor immediately to

the great, dark chamber, where are also buried a dozen or more of the community's citizens, among them, a Mr. Tomasini, a friend of Haydn. The names of all these dead are cut in four large marble slabs which occupy either corner of the great vault. The name of Haydn is not separated, but has place modestly in its turn, on the slab at the right, farthest from the door. Here is a simple, solemn home in perfect keeping with the single room of the Haydn house in Vienna, where the composer contentedly spent the last twenty-three years of his life, and died.

From the church, which is one of remarkable plan and construction not now in order to describe, the visitor got to the hotel and found Dr. Merenyi waiting. The first point of visit then was the house which Prince Esterhazy had caused to be built for Haydn. The composer lived there for the twelve years from 1766 to 1778. There is nothing to distinguish the house from any of the other well kept buildings of the street, but the following inscription, in Hungarian:

Hadyn Jo'zsef
haza
1766-1778
A halhatatlan polyga'rnak
kit daltermø lelke
e szuck, falak kozøl emelt
a vila'g magyjar koze'
A Kismartoni ferfidalardá
1898

The inscription, in the German of Dr. Merenyi, who was also author of the original, is as follows:

Josef Haydn's
Haus
1776-1778
Dem unsterblichen Buerger,
den sein Liederschaffender Geist
aus diesen engen Mauern
unten die Grøssen der Welt erhoben hat.
Der Kismartoner Mønnergesangverein.

In English—Josef Hadyn's house, 1776-1778. To the immortal citizen whose song creating spirit lifted him from among these narrow walls to a place among the world's great. The Eisenstadt (Kismarton) Male Singing Society, 1898.



The next point of interest was the composer's garden, which is a couple of hundred yards away. In Haydn's time, as may be the local custom still, each house was also assigned a bit of garden as part of the property right. The small, elevated cabin which served the composer as an outdoor place of shelter and rest, is built in one corner of the garden and entered by plain, board stairs, hardly more than four feet from the ground. In this small nest there is a small sofa and a few simple articles, about as Haydn himself may have left them. Before leaving the traveler in Eisenstadt, Dr. Merenyi further assisted in finding such photos as exist, then led to the home of the well known and gifted young woman artist, M. Augustin, who recently issued a Haydn book of a dozen etchings.

Unfortunately, the artist was not in the city, and a copy of the etchings could not be found in her home. Many other remarkably vivid etchings of landscape and animals indicated her accomplishment and the ground on which her fame is based. The Haydn book could be seen in the Imperial Library of Vienna, and at a famous Vienna art store, yet there has been no time to look them up. Following the call at the home of Miss Augustin at Eisenstadt, a unique procedure was found necessary to obtain a photo of the now reigning Prince Esterhazy. There was no photo on sale in the city, neither had Dr. Merenyi a picture that could go through the mails. The only



At right, upper corner, Reigning Prince Esterhazy, 1912.
Five Haydn paintings at Eisenstadt Castle of the Esterhazys.

available likeness was an engraving in a private biography. Dr. Merenyi took his own copy of this book to the bookbinder and had the leaves of the folio carefully removed to permit publication with this report. They were to be returned to the book after their brief "outing" in America.

The reigning prince does not maintain an orchestra, nor any chamber music organization, yet his sincere interest in the

Haydn tradition and his well known attitude toward present day Haydn pilgrims are fully attested by various acts. Indeed Dr. Merenyi's extraordinary kindness to a stranger must reflect a part of the Esterhazy policy.



With the Haydn pilgrimage completed, the journey to the Nikisch house was resumed on the third day. After a slow, circuitous route over pretty country, one change of trains and another hour's run over a level and extraordinarily fertile farming section, Lebeny St. Miclos was reached and complications began anew. The present residents of the former Nikisch house knew just as little about Nikisch as the people of the sugar factory at the other St. Miclos. The woman of the house thought it improbable that any musician was ever born here, but could only give her knowledge that the old factory had been torn down many years ago, and she did not know how long the present residence had stood. She said the evidence of birth, if found at all, would be had from



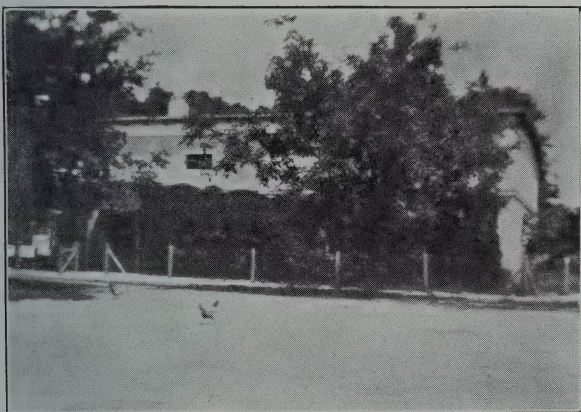
Professor Arthur Nikisch.

Leipzig, June 29. 12
 Dear friend,
 Many thanks for the
 pictures are very
 excellent indeed!
 Hoping and wishing
 you will enjoy
 your further trip
 with friendly greetings
 from us both
 sincerely yours
 Arthur Nikisch

the pfarrer at the village church of St. Miclos, and that was a brisk half hour's walk from the railway station. As no conveyance was available, there was the walk along a finely shaded road and the entrance to the village was attractive, with its great trees, past the cemetery, interesting thatched cottages and uneven streets. The pfarrer was found and he was the next to be surprised by the news that Nikisch's birth would be found recorded on his books. The pilgrim here fell short as a Nikisch enthusiast and could not say in what month the conductor was born. But the pfarrer's few minutes' search was rewarded with a find of the complete record as to the parents, godfather and such information as usually comes

upon a church record. The simple story was that Arthur Augustinus Adalbert Nikisch, son of Augustinus and Ludovica nee Robosz, was born October 12 and baptized October 22, 1855.

The present venerable pfarrer at Lebeny St. Miclos was very happy over the find and he was glad to converse for a half hour, learning details of the career of the village's famous son. Finally he showed the stranger where he could find a carriage back to the station. The aged driver, who spoke German only with great difficulty, proved to have the still needed definite information concerning location of the old and new factories and the residence. Driving into the factory grounds, he pointed out the exact former location of the old building and he could give assurance that the present residence occupied the same ground as when in use by the Nikisch family.



NIKISCH BIRTH HOUSE

This much being finally decided, he drove on to the station and the traveler was soon on the way back to Vienna, having completed the original errand and a great deal more.

OFFICIAL VIENNA'S GREAT ERROR

If information on Arthur Nikisch remained a long time unknown at his native place, the City Council of Vienna showed much greater ignorance of Josef Haydn, and that was in the recent year, A. D. 1909, at the centenary of the composer's death. At that centenary the said Vienna council solemnly ordained that the remains of Josef Haydn be removed from the old Vienna church yard where first buried, and

brought to a place of final rest in the Vienna Central Friedhof by the side of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, Johann Strauss, Brahms, Hugo Wolf and others of the musical immortals. The venerable Vienna council was all unaware that the Haydn bones had lain in the church at Eisenstadt since 1820, after having been the subject of a spirited contest as to right of disposal. Even now the Haydn head is not at Eisenstadt, but in possession of the Vienna Verein der Musikfreunde. The head had been taken away for examination by a one time celebrated ethnologist and it had never been returned to Josef Haydn, who was the original owner, nor to the Esterhazy family, which has rightful disposal of the body. On the occasion of the Vienna council's recent tremendous error,

*Original
figures,
in
Austrian
Keller.*

$12 = 2\frac{2}{5}$ cts., 2 glasses milk

$12 = 2\frac{2}{5}$ cts., for wine

$35 = 7$ cts., beefroll - potatoes

$2 = \frac{2}{5}$ ct., bread

$12 = 2\frac{2}{5}$ cts. Coffee

$73 = 14\frac{3}{5}$ cts.

$50 = 10$ cts for room

$123 = 24\frac{3}{5}$ cts.

COST OF HIGH LIVING, ESTERHAZY, 1912

the reigning Prince Esterhazy was applied to for permission to move the Haydn remains, but it was decided that since the contest of 1820 and the forgetfulness of 1909 there was no valid ground to merit giving them up.

In view of the traveler's experience in obtaining food at Esterhazy, a problem which had aroused apprehension on the

part of the prince's younger secretary, one would have to confess that the Esterhazy inn was not exactly a place to be selected by persons who like high living. But if the bill of fare was simple, even extraordinarily, almost phenomenally simple, at least the price was right, as the original bill will show. The traveler arrived at ten o'clock at night and was disposed to take a glass of milk and a bit of bread before retiring. The order was promptly filled except as to the bread. The house was just out of bread, but the milk was good and a second glass was excellent substitute for bread. There is no law requiring a newspaperman to take starch foods anyway. Next morning the prospect of the walk to the wrong St. Mielos could not allow time for breakfast at the inn, but bread and milk in plenty were obtained at St. Mielos. Upon getting back to Esterhazy inn, the stranger checked thirst with a glass of wine. Lunch time came, and though the guest had wishes, only a beefroll and potatoes were available. Coffee was ordered, to be served with cream or milk *ad libitum*, but now the milk and cream department were already out of business. The black coffee was excellent, and it may be that there is never any real need to serve milk or cream with coffee anyway.

As the time to leave Esterhazy was at hand, the proprietor figured up his bill, to include the great, spacious room for the night. There was a grand total of a crown and twenty-three hellers coming to him. The traveler was almost sure that his paper would allow this bill in every item, and it was promptly paid.

THE DANUBE TO BUDA PESTH

The Danube river trip from Vienna to Buda Pesth requires thirteen hours by day, from seven in the morning to eight in the evening. Passengers at Vienna first sail from a city station on the Danube canal, a half hour later coming into the main stream, where baggage and passengers are transferred to the larger river steamer. The river scene at Vienna is one of preeminent beauty, the broad stream flowing along by flat banks, on the north richly pastured and wooded. Particularly from the heights of the Kahlberg, several miles up stream, the Danube is seen through the haze as a great broad ribbon spread out in a mild curve past the city. The low banks and willowy woods are the prevailing setting for several hours after leaving Vienna. Meantime the steamer is obliging in a high degree, stopping at every fixed station to receive or discharge passengers. About midday the scenes begin to get interesting on account of the provincial character of those who travel or come down to see the steamer land.

Late afternoon the boat stops at a station and among other passengers who come on board unnoticed are two swarthy youths. The boat has hardly left the landing when a terrible alarm is begun simultaneously from the top and middle decks. A violinist below and a clarinetist above have started up business and the traveler is now sure that he is in Hungary.



FLOUR MILLS IN THE DANUBE

People on the American western prairies have often wondered how a pair of coyotes with sound lungs could imitate a numerous pack. Here it was amazing to know how the one nervous clarinet and one fiddle could come into some free contrapuntal interweaving to counterfeit a populous band. The success as to noise was tremendous, but musically, the auditor was sorry not to be able to look the matter straight in the face. One could only blush for the art quality of the performance, and for want of an impresario these youngsters may have to free circuit the Buda Pesth boats for a long time to come. Some hours after coming on board, the boat stopped at a city where a striking looking building was seen just near the landing. The building was pointed out as a penitentiary. The violinist and clarinetist boys got off the boat. True, their music was pretty bad, but some lighter punishment might prove sufficient. As it is, one doesn't know just how much time free fate has already had them on bread and water.

A summer visit to Buda Pesth has very little of musical interest, because the Hungarian capital is far from the usual tourist thoroughfares, and there is no special need to offer Hungarian national opera, operetta or anything else. During the writer's two days' stay, there was nothing more important than a band program to be heard in the city woods. The men

played superbly in excerpts from Wagnerian and less important works. At this concert, on the night of July fourth, the writer had the honor to be ashamed of a dozen of his countrymen as the only boisterous persons on the ground. They spoke and laughed loudly during the impressive playing of a "Waltz" selection, so that numerous members of the band looked over to them, and the entire public came to wonder with what aboriginal tribe and reservation they classified.

The fine park, which is called the city forest, is also site of the national gallery of classic and modern paintings. Architecturally, the city creates a most favorable impression. The fine, plain bridges over the Danube, the broad streets, the plain, tasteful architecture of business buildings all argue for a folk, which if not so high as others in literature and education, still has an eye for perspective and a mind for clear, forceful thinking. As a tourist point it has the misfortune not



HUNGARIAN VILLAGE STREET

even to lie on the road from the important Russian cities to Vienna. The Russians flock to Austrian bathing resorts in thousands, yet the line of march to Vienna is far north, in a great circle, by way of Cracow. So the Russian language is little spoken or understood in Buda Pesth, though in Vienna it is now spoken in every large shop and in many minor ones.

When one looks up a map of Europe and finds Hungary put away off, down in the southeast corner, he is likely to imagine that the country is near neighbor to the heat and sand of the Orient and the tropics, yet Buda Pesth is still north of north latitude forty-seven, and some four hundred miles farther north than Chicago. In these sunny, early July days the thermometer shows from sixty degrees to seventy, and only

at brisk walking is there need for lean men to perspire. The climate of Hungary, with less winter cold than in our American winters much farther south, is therefore conducive to the growth of a healthy, industrious, long-lived people. When nature made up the bunch of prairie, mountains and streams now known as Hungary, she was partly lavish in the use of her materials, for there is some extraordinarily productive soil within these borders. So rich in soil that a stranger can hardly understand the country's backwardness and small participation in manufacture and the commoner forms of industrial civilization, which are almost wholly lacking.

It would be unfair to lay all the blame on so simple, industrious folk, and especially since the trouble probably lies very near the established church, which here openly prefers a policy of non-modernism and non-progress. It is doubtful if any country has so many illiterates as Hungary, and her hot competition in this item, among supposedly civilized peoples,



NATIVE HOGS NEAR ESTERHAZY

would be Russia, which drags along under the same influence. The rich soils of these countries could not fail to yield all the material wealth needed for progress. Yet one comes to Hungary and sees the flail, the reaphook and the ox-cart as they were seen centuries ago. If any American thinks that the world has fallen into a habit of fast living, he may come to these parts and find permanent disillusion and cure.

The Danube river, between Vienna and Buda Pesth, has some dozens or a hundred water mills which put Holland's famous mills a long way back. These Hungarian mills are all portable; and are anchored at one place so long as the water stage permits grinding.

BRUENN AND MENDEL CLOISTER

Hardly a decade has elapsed since scientific men in Europe and America began knowing more about the laws of heredity, as discovered by the Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, in the years 1855-65. On the way from Vienna to Cracow, the traveler stopped off for a few hours in the beautiful city of Bruenn, in Moravia, where Mendel spent most of his active life in the old Augustiner Cloister. Mendel died there in January, 1884, at the age of sixty-two years. A present day visitor to the cloister may see the garden in which Mendel conducted the experiments with domestic pease, finally arriving upon his infallible laws of dominant and recessive traits in heredity.

The paper in which Mendel first made these principles public was entitled "Versuche ueber Pflanzenhybriden," which



GREGOR MENDEL

paper was read before the Natural History Society of Bruenn in 1865. It will be recalled that Mendel's discoveries were so far in advance of their time that they became entirely forgotten until the year 1900. Fate then willed that within a single month, and before the Mendel original paper had been found again, three European scientists published results of their own experiments, through which each had honorably rediscovered the laws that Mendel had so long ago laid down. These papers were by H. de Vries of Amsterdam "Sur la loi

de disjonction des hybrides," Paris 1900; C. Correns of Leipzig on G. Mendel's Regeln ueber das Verhalten der Nachkommenschaft der Rassenbastarde," Berlin, 1900, and Erik Czermak "Uber kuenstliche Kreuzung bei pisum sativum," in the Austrian Zeitschrift fur das landwirthschaftliche Versuchswesen 1900.

Through the great kindness of the above named Professor Czermak at Vienna, and his friend, Dr. Hugo Iltis, dozent at the German School of Polytechnics at Bruenn, the correspondent was shown not only the cloister and the Mendel garden, but the beautiful original manuscript of the important paper on "Pflanzenhybriden," besides all of the other original manuscripts and scientific studies by this truly great man. The effects are all in possession of Dr. Iltis. An extraordinary evidence of Mendel's scientific mind is here seen in a laboriously kept meteorological daily report for several years, writ-



VIEW WEST TO BRUENN CLOISTER

ten in his own hand up to within five days of his death from Bright's disease. This magnificent work has beautiful diagrams of the position of the sun spots, for Mendel had at that early date claimed influence of the sun spots on the earth's climate. That theory was held by him a couple score of years before it came in fashion with the outer world. Late in the year 1912, Dr. Iltis planned to issue his exhaustive biography of Gregor Mendel, a work that has occupied him closely for six years.

The present traveler in 1912 was one of less than a half dozen foreigners who had as yet visited Bruenn, the cloister and the garden where Mendel conducted the experiments.

The traveler said that when scientists better learned the way to Bruenn, the custodian of the Mendel effects would probably have much occasion to receive pilgrims. Dr. Iltis generously



GARDEN OF DOMINANTS AND RECESSIVES

Gregor Mendel's rooms were just over the garden, at front of picture, looking north

said that visitors would be always cordially welcome, come in whatever frequency they would.

Of the three men who rediscovered the Mendel laws, Professor Czermak has made two trips to America. In 1909 it



ERIK CZERMAK

had been the privilege of the writer to greet Czermak on the home farm in Illinois, whither the professor had been sent to

observe interesting experiments on German wild swine. In Vienna, Erik Czermak has the valuable association with his brother Hofrat Prof. Dr. Arnim Czermak, chairman of the faculty for physiology at the Imperial Veterinary Hochschule.

LEMBERG OPERA AT CRACOW

The several millions of people who call themselves Polish, and proudly, persistently speak the Polish language, have the misfortune not to be united in one country, but to live under the dominion of Russia, of Austria and Germany. The same fate, in a small degree, is that of the Hungarians and Bohemians, who have to maintain their own languages in contest with the official German language of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

The two present centers of Polish tradition and culture are Warsaw and Cracow. The latter city is not nearly so well known, yet it carries much interest for itself. There are here not only ruined walls of former history, but a people's museum which gives a fair view of the history of Polish painting and sculpture. There are numerous Polish painters and sculptors now living in Cracow, doing their share toward maintaining the prestige of Polish art. Here is found, as hardly to be duplicated in any other city, a music publishing house which is essentially a repository for Polish music of the past, and promoter for the Polish composers of the present.



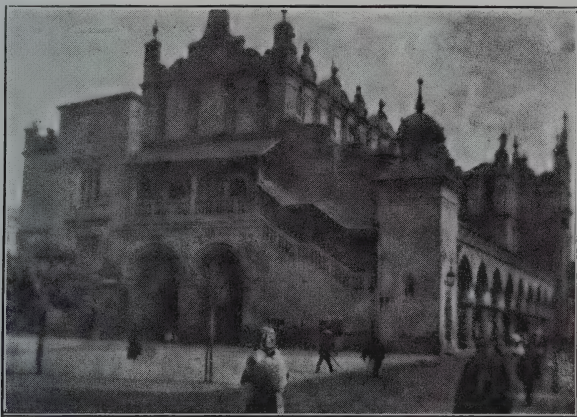
During the visit in Cracow, Lemberg, a third important Polish city, is showing a high stage of musical attainment to the people of the former city. The Lemberg opera and operetta ensemble plays for a couple of summer months in the beautiful theater of Cracow. An intensely interesting performance of Verdi's "Aida" has just been given under the very young but gifted and routined conductor Bronislav Wolfsthal. This young man has the luck to have his own father as concert master of the orchestra, so that at least the orchestral performance of every opera is kept close to home. For the opera itself, there is cause to wonder how an organization so far removed from other musical centers may arrange to turn out such high class work. The solution may be found in the great talent of the participants rather than in any advantages of study which may have been theirs.



In connection with the Lemberg opera, this aspect of the gifted primitive came to be an appalling matter when the traveler started out to learn more about the organization.

Upon application at the stage door and the box office, nobody knew where any of the principals lived while in Cracow. Not even the conductor's address was discovered, and when he came to rehearsal he was further able to locate only the Aida and Radames of the evening before. The city residence of the featured head-liner, Amneris, remained undiscoverable during the entire day of investigation. When the very gifted Aida was found she proved to be one of the least spoiled prima donnas to be met in a decade of travel. She said she did not know how to sing, but she would like to learn. She had only studied in Lemberg and she thought that that had not been sufficient. She had no photo of herself, had never had one taken, and the morning costume she then happened to wear was not a subject for a snapshot.

Upon further search about the city there was no photo of any of the artists to be found. Only the Radames (Josef Mann) was in danger of being spoiled, for he and his wife



CITY MARKET AND NATIONAL GALLERY, CRACOW

had been taken automobiling for the day, and he was said to be already under contract to the Vienna Royal opera. Coming back to the "Aida" performance itself, there is to report a superb orchestra, a chorus of beautiful male and female voices, a small but well-routined ballet, besides the highly agreeable artists in the principal roles. The featured Amneris (Yadwig Lachowska) was in every sense a delightful and mature vocalist with a beautiful voice. Mr. Mann's voice was one of fine quality, under good usage. The one pronouncedly dramatic temper of the evening was that of the modest Josefa Zacharska as "Aida." Her singing was not faulty, as she feared, but it was easy to hear that time and good treatment

would greatly improve the volume and quality. Her imposing talent as actress came plainly to evidence in the long scene with Amneris, where her modest and unaffected intensity easily dominated the performance.

The youthful conductor Wolfsthal everywhere felt the full musical value of the numbers, and his manner at the desk was one of greatest possible repose. His cool head in difficulties is said to have been finely shown a few evenings before, when in Smetana's "Bartered Bride," the orchestra observed a long cut agreed upon, while the stage force forgot it. Wolfsthal kept quietly busy and soon had all of his forces together, so that few of the auditors became aware that anything had happened. He studied score reading and conducting at Leipzig conservatory under Hans Sitt. For the rest of the opera at Lemberg, there is little to learn, except that the home season extends through five months of the year and the orchestra probably has to play also whatever symphony is heard there. The organization is not under city protection, as is usual in Germany and other European countries, but is said to be a private enterprise.



A traveler who knows the German and Russian languages well enough to keep house comfortably in the countries of the kaiser and the czar must never expect to find a bonanza getting along in Cracow. The German may be official for all Austrian territory, and the Russian close kin to the Polish language, yet the traveler had much difficulty finding anyone around the theater who was willing to understand either of those tongues. In Bohemia an offer to speak Russian was each time cordially received, but the proposition is different here. The patent prescription for Cracow is simply to speak Polish and be happy, or not speak it and be miserable.

Going from Cracow toward the east, the Polish language is in danger of influence from the Croatian or Ruthenian dialects of the so-called Minor Russian, and the traveler already finds all railway and other public signs printed both in the Polish and the modified Russian lettering of Minor Russia, as it is found in the real Russian territory of Bessarabia. At Bruenn, Moravia, on the way from Vienna to Cracow, the Bohemian and German languages sometimes cause open war, just as in Prague. The whole language complication is designed to create dizziness and remind of Stephano's troubles in "The Tempest," when, dizzy from too much sack, he makes complaint, "An' you cannot tell who's your friend."

KIEV AND THE DNIEPER

The twenty-five hours' journey from Cracow, Galicia, to Kiev in South West Russia, was interrupted at the end of the first hour's run. A railway wreck nine hours before had piled up on the route a great assortment of rolling stock and promiscuous grain and freight. It was necessary for all passengers and baggage to leave one train and get past the wreckage to the substitute train which had been sent from the other end of the division. Ten hours after the arrival at Kiev another wreck occurred on a part of the line just traversed, and this time several persons were killed. Since then there have been other derailments in Southwest Russia, and it is thought that evil minded persons have been placing obstacles on the tracks. For the rest of the journey, Cracow to Kiev, there was much



KIEV'S OLDEST HISTORICAL SPOT

travel over very fertile and beautiful country, but little to excite except to have a copy of "The Musical Courier" held at Podvolochisk for the border censor. There an official asked for seventy kopecks to pay for the examination. The correspondent was satisfied with his own examination of the number. It was abandoned at Podvolochisk. The traveler had precluded all other bother with the customs by packing baggage without ballast, so that that might be also true which was written, "And behold, the traveler hath but one shirt."

The programs of the summer orchestra at Kiev show strong allegiance to earlier and modern Russian composers,

and a garden theatre supports nationalism by giving folk drama and light musical plays in the dialect of Minor Russia. The picture shows and vaudeville establishments are running full time to entertain those Russians who are prevented from going away to West European pleasure or cure resorts. Within a week the garden theatre of the so-called Ukrainian artists has given Smetana's opera of the "Bartered Bride" and F. W. Levitzky's unique conglomeration of Old Yiddish musical melodrama under the title of "Sulamith." In the same city merchants' garden, the symphony orchestra, in its fine pavilion a hundred yards away, has given under Alexander Orloff, Sergei Taneieff's second symphony almost before the ink is dry on the score. There has been opportunity to hear other good music seldom or never given in Germany, as the Glazounow ballet music of "The Seasons," his "Oriental Rhapsody" on original themes in the manner of the Caucasian tribes, and selections by Kalinnikow and Glinka.

The summer garden orchestras of Russia give great attention to spreading the local fame of their respective solo members, and this is done with a definite aim aside from the usual recognition due an artist. The practice rests upon the system of so-called benefit concerts, which are a part of the salary contract of each solo leader of an orchestral division. This means that some time within the four months' season of May to September, the concert master, the solo cellist and a number of others have been given their own evenings of solo programs with orchestra, and the net receipts belong to the artist. If a solo player has attained popularity in the first months of the season, there is a chance for him to earn a substantial addition to his fixed monthly salary. And this system of benefits is in force with all operatic and dramatic organizations in Russia. On this account the daily programs of a Russian organization carry the entire lists of the solo personnels.



The Yiddish melodrama "Sulamith" was put on the bills as a compilation by Levitzky, but it was difficult to find anyone who knew where the respective materials were from. The conductor of the work said that he didn't know. The materials were considered old and traditional, and finally someone said that they were Yiddish. There are impressive numbers, but as an entire evening's entertainment they suffer badly from a want of uniform style. In Kiev the performance was preceded by selections from Italian opera, played by an orchestra of fourteen men, and the effect was poor. The symphony orchestra over in the pavilion is one of the very best in Russia's summer traffic. Except for this crude opera orchestra, Smetana's "Bartered Bride" received creditable

performance, the principals and chorus doing very good work. The theater's very best work is in plain drama, where the native talent of the artists comes to validity in portrayal of a wide range of character. The building in which these folk plays and light operas are given is a primitive shell with two low balconies. The rafters, beams and posts are all in plain view. There is never any outlay for paint for the interior. On the whole it answers its purpose well, though the improvised effects of rain on the roof and street car motors ascending a neighboring hill can not be approved for operatic performances.



If the Russian calendar comes along with its dates thirteen days behind European and new world style, so the Kiev concert which was set for 8:30 began "Russian style," five minutes before nine. The Taneieff second symphony is worth waiting for, however. This composer has long held an especially strong position as creator of chamber music, in which branch he has a large output. So did he work fifteen years on a book of counterpoint before publishing. He has been long known to have in print a symphony which is seldom played, though often enough to have earned a reputation of being dry. On hearing the second symphony one falls into doubt about the alleged dryness of the first. The second has a very great deal of Russian character in its themes and Taneieff is particularly a master to exploit it. The first movement materials principally in hearing were the first plaintive song for oboe, a boisterous Russian dance in much development, about fugal, a half-choral episode and some beautiful cantabile before coming back to the dance and the oboe song. The scherzo begins mildly but becomes Russian and boisterous in even beat and heavy accent, with a sustained episode and a bit of droning of the horns. The half-funereal adagio, in great dignity and many details of work, seems to have only one theme, or at least the movement keeps unusually close to one general character. The finale, marked *allegro vivacissimo*, means that there is to be some playing as fast as men can manipulate the orchestral apparatus, and in Russia that is thirteen points faster than European schedule. Here is some compensation for the twenty-five minutes' delay in beginning, and the thirty-two minutes' intermission which follows the giving of the symphony. The Taneieff finale is in dance rhythm not unlike ragtime, with much noise by the horns, some fine cantabile, then again the dance manner, again followed by cantabile in a fugato, and ever again the ragtime manner in a very wild exploitation, when the tempo really becomes much faster than is ever heard in Germany.

It will be seen that the finale has changed its manner frequently, and this is an impression especially obtained from the composer's new piano quintet of last season. Nevertheless the quintet contained good music in various particularly brilliant playing attributes, and this symphony is brilliant, if not actually more boisterous than is needed to accord with sober European standards. The time needed for performance is only thirty-two minutes, Russian style.

Glazounow's entire music to the ballet of "The Seasons" has, besides the four main divisions, a total of seventeen subdivisions, requiring thirty-five minutes to play. For the winter picture there are an introductory andante, then frost, ice, sleet and snow. The spring picture includes a dance of the roses, a spring dance, and dance of the birds. Summer begins andantino and brings a waltz of the cornflower and poppies, a barcarolle and a dance of the rain, the latter marked by



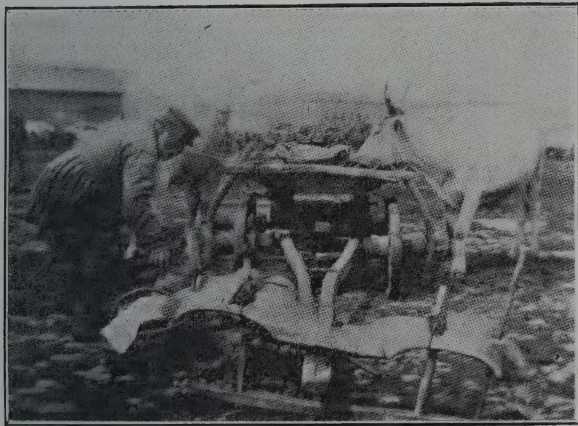
THE DNIEPER AT KIEV

clarinet solo. The autumn brings two bacchanales and a procession of the four seasons. The latter bacchanale is in four divisions, for the satyrs and fauns, the rain and falling of the leaves, dusk, and the apotheosis. The music is of very fine fibre throughout.

Since Glazounow is a particularly skilled master of orchestral color, this ballet gives opportunity to employ his imagination to the fullest. There are unusually thoughtful inventions for the harp, effective employment of the snare drums, and in fact every phrase of the score abounds in color and life. Some days after hearing the Glazounow ballet music, his interesting "Oriental Rhapsody" was also heard in rehearsal. It is built on the composer's own themes in the man-

ner of the Caucasian Tartars. The orchestra found the work to present the greatest imaginable difficulty, on account of the rhythm, the unending trills and the greatest tempo assumed for the rendition. The work leaves an impression of very strange music. It should not be confounded with the same composer's "Oriental Dance" for orchestra. Glazounow recently spent a few days in Kiev, when he conducted his fifth symphony.

In Russia, where the plain people can not read, it is still necessary to use picture signs in front of places of business. Two years ago one saw a snapshot of a Moscow butcher's "sign of a horse," where only horse meat was sold. One may see in Kiev at a corner milk shop a beautiful picture of the family cow on her favorite grass plot. But the traveler fell down badly on a piano sign there. Wishing to interview the proprietor of a large piano sign on one of the good streets,



MARKET WAGON AT KREMYENCHUG

there was then first a great hunt through the backyard and down a couple of flights of dark, narrow stairs, only to find that it was the piano tuner who had been treed, or followed to his den, as it were. But the piano tuner was still entitled to his big sign, since another instrument firm had a monster transparency extending broadside along the city's principal street. This sign may not have been quite a sixteenth of a mile long, nor quite half that distance, but it was a notable affair nevertheless.



Any of those plains farmers of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota or the Dakotas who never yet saw a life-size grain field,

may do well to cast an eye upon Southern Russia. Running by steamer for twenty-three hours down the Dnieper river from Kiev to Kremyenchug, the traveler then had seventeen hours by train to Odessa. Now this entire latter territory may not represent only one grain field either, but that is the general impression. For hours of travel there is nothing for the eye but gently undulating or level expanse, and it is all grain covered. The means of harvesting are varied but there are many hundreds of thousands of Russian peasants still battling with this grain with the hand cradles of centuries ago. The horse drawn reapers in use are nearly all old fashion droppers, and one seldom sees a self-binder. The laborers are about evenly divided as to numbers of men and women. When the time to reach the Black Sea and Odessa was near at hand, one expected that the plain would be broken up by hills or mountains. That was not to be the case, for the plains and grain



A RUSSIAN AT KREMYENCHUG

fields came to the very city's edge. A few miles south, where the city no longer extended along the sea, the fields came clear up to the low banks. What a tremendous waste of human energy in the non-progressive harvesting of these fields, yet the entire condition and the illiteracy of the laborers are exactly what is desired by those who would have easy power to change them.



While waiting seven hours at Kremyenchug for a train to Odessa, there was opportunity to kill time out in the city, where the Sunday morning market was in full life. The market square is an unusually large one, probably occupying seven or ten acres of ground. There is a crude pavement but it was

almost impossible to get about without getting in mud. The farmers and the city fakirs and small dealers were there, each trying to get the other's money. One could buy a live chicken tied with a string or a live pig in a sack. The onion owners went about picturesquely carrying over their shoulders great strings of the dried onions woven together by the tops. Every imaginable product of the country was offered in varying quantities and questionable weight. Two years ago the traveler in Kasan on the Volga thought he had discovered the most unprepossessing market in the world, but that turns out to have been erroneous. Not only in Kremyenchug, but in the lower part of the beautiful city of Kiev, one can find the same unappetizing features as at Kasan. Especially the second-hand vendors on foot seem to constitute a feature of these public markets of all interior cities of Russia. At Kremyenchug the traveler was carrying a camera and light overcoat during the visit to the market. The second-hand dealers did not neglect to make an offer on both. The hat, shoes and summer suit didn't seem to interest them.

DNIEPER RIVER CONCERT

The traveler has the honor to report a harvest girls' all day concert on the Dnieper river, between Kiev and Kremyenchug. The concert was wholly informal, not only as to the musical program, but as to the attire of the concertgivers. The costume uniformly adopted was the Minor Russian, conventional, harvest field gown, worn without shoes or stockings. The songs were from the rich traditional, unwritten literature of Minor Russia. Though the hundred or more of these young girls were going far away from home for some weeks' work in the fields, the above named costume was the only one brought with them.

If the rivers are among the oldest of all highways of trade or pleasure, there are some territories to which they must remain convenient. For some thousands of years the Volga has been open for business, and for nearly six hundred years its banks have been home and highway to the great annual trading sessions, or fairs, which finally settled in 1817 at Nijni Novgorod. Other rivers in Russia still carry responsibility in commerce, yet the place of importance, after the Volga, falls to the Dnieper, whose banks have been since 864 A. D. the site of Kiev, oldest of all Russian cities.

In the matter of passenger service, there may be those who claim that travel by river is a lazy man's job. The lazy man thus occupied still may be making more headway than the fish-

erman who sits on the river bank. The present Dnieper traveler was not out on an errand of commerce or haste. He was only scheduled for Odessa, to get there when he should happen to arrive by train, another four hundred miles from Kremyenchug. As indicated above, the concert to be reported from the Dnieper was not on regular assignment.

The steamer which required twenty-three hours to run 212 miles to Kremyenchug, left Kiev in the morning at 9 o'clock. Within the first hour after departure, the right river bank, which stood 200 feet above the water at Kiev, had entirely disappeared and the steamer was traversing a flat and fertile country. Before the rural scenes began appearing, the steamer was passing many of the monster log rafts which are an ever present detail of the Dnieper's business.

These raft cargoes are manned by from ten to fifteen laborers whose homes are here on the logs for the several weeks' journey down to port. Each raft has erected on its



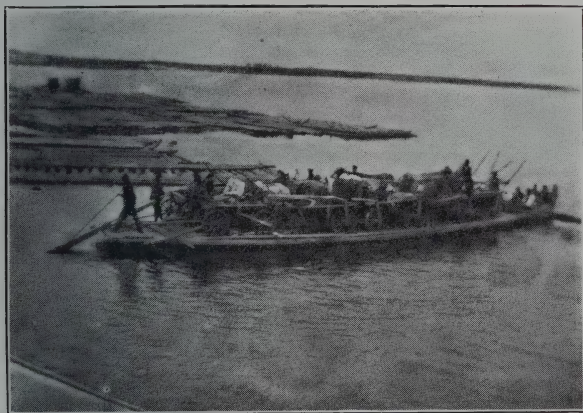
COSTUMES OF MINOR RUSSIA

logs from two to four hay huts, which serve as shelter and homes of the crew. The further important item of the equipment is the strong boat or dory in which, with a hawser some hundreds of feet long, eight or ten of the men conduct the maneuvers which keep the raft in the stream and out of the way of steamers and other craft. Only occasionally, and on Sunday, may one see some of the rafts anchored at one side of the stream.



On this trip every other craft of primitive river traffic came into the picture. The steamer itself soon anchored to a low dirt bank, where a few rural folk had assembled to meet

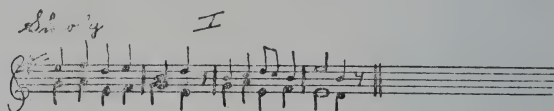
the steamer. The anchoring was simply by hawser thrown over a wooden pin in the ground. When the time came to let loose, some little children sported with the hawser, holding on as the boat steamed away until they were nearly pulled into the water. There was no danger, for rescue would have been immediate. Some skilled youth were themselves only a hundred feet away, maneuvering their small boats like thorough, seagoing persons. They were also out for play, purposely steering their boats into the rough waves left by the steamer as it drew away. For some minutes following this departure the passengers could see the caravan of rural folk, in wagons and on horse, slowly rambling back across the open fields and over the low hills. There was no house nor hut in sight, but the grass land and the timber background completed the landscape. The 900 years proximity to Kiev, "mother of all Russian cities," had not affected the primeval tone of this place.



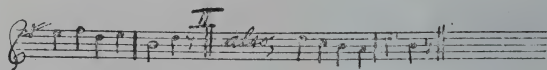
DNIEPER RIVER, MAN POWER FERRY

An hour after leaving the above scene, the steamer turned into another small river and steered for a mile up to a village landing. A high, even bank now made up an agreeable setting, and a peasant walking the towpath, hauling a heavily laden boat, was one more sign of the good old times. When the steamer hitched to the landing station a most extraordinary craft was just pulling away to cross the stream. This was a ferry, manned at one end by six men, each pulling at a single oar of the heaviest, coarsest description. The ferry had full cargo of persons, animals and merchandise. Far away up stream, the twin craft was coming the opposite way, laden with wagons of new hay.

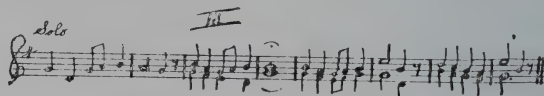
It was mid-afternoon when the Dnieper steamer approached a fixed landing which first suggested a great holiday in progress. There was a throng of folk in vari-colored dress, waiting in the open, just behind the small station building. When the steamer landed it was seen that here was no holiday crowd, but a laboring folk, almost exclusively of girls in age of from fifteen to twenty years. It was also apparent that they were to travel to a single destination, for a gentleman stood at the gangplank with a bundle of tickets, and each girl received a ticket as she walked up the plank. The boat was soon aswarm with these passengers, and was still at the landing when a bevy of girls who had gone to the low, top deck started up a song of great earnestness. It was evidently a song of parting, since other girls stood about, weeping. The song was given in two principal voices, but there was some false leading of voices which created confusion and made notation of the intended leading difficult. The following measures were all that could be taken down:



Within a few minutes after the boat again got under way, the girls were to be found seated in groups on the floor, on deck and downstairs, where were their bundles, principally packed with bread and simplest articles of food. A few of the songs they then sang were of plain sort, having no musical character worth noting down, yet occasionally some group started a song of striking beauty. By the time this intermittent concert had proceeded for several hours, it was perfectly clear that at least one contrapuntal element was habitual with these singers. There was hardly one of their sustained songs that did not bring out this high-voice obligato, just as it was heard in the first selection, as follows:

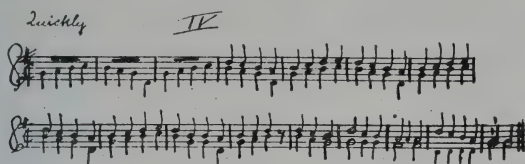


One of the most beautiful of all their songs was in the following character:



Another of the big successes of the day, also judged by

the zest with which they sang, was this, almost in the nature of a round:



Thus the singing continued far into the night, for though many of the party grew tired and fell asleep on the floor, with only their bundles as pillows, there was nearly always a group in some other place, ready to sing. The habitual high-voice leading, generally in the sixth degree above the cantus, rang in the ears of the other passengers all over the steamer, until the passengers were all asleep. When morning came the singers were no longer aboard. Some time during the night the boat had disembarked them in the vicinity of the harvest.

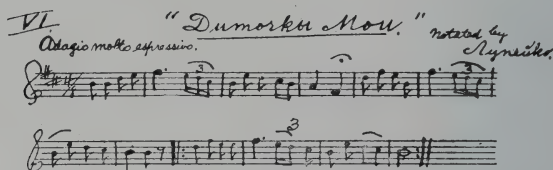
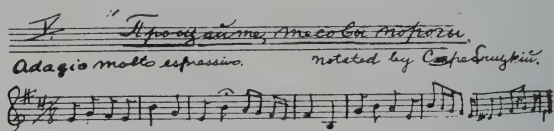
In view of the humble station of the hundred girls thus heard in song, a traveler could expect that these songs might be only of the better known of their locality, so that those



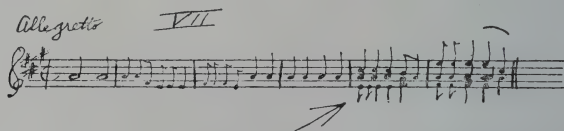
HARVEST GIRLS ON DNIEPER STEAMER

Russian musicians who have been for a couple of decades industriously assembling and publishing the people's songs of Minor Russia, might have already brought these into print. Now an examination of eight large books of a total of more than 400 songs of Minor Russia shows only two books containing melodies in general relation to those heard on the Dnieper. One of the books is a collection of 100 Ukrainian songs, assembled by A. Rubyetz and published in 1898 by

Jørgenson of Moscow. From the other book, L. D. Malashkin's edition of fifty Ukrainian songs, published in 1900 by Idzikowsky of Kiev, the Nos. 3 and 7 are in very close relation to the mood which preponderated for the several hours' trip on the Dnieper. The two melodies are as follows:



Summarizing on the entire musical experience on the Dnieper, one must first concede the probability that these young girls were far less skilled than many other groups possible to find among the Russian plain people. There was, nevertheless, continual desire to sing in two or more parts, though much of the result had to be marked down as false singing. Only in two closing measures of a single song was it possible to say that they attained clear harmonic outline in three parts. Of a fine melodic quality, wherein the three distinct voices were heard, here is only a fragment, but enough to indicate the close, as it was sung:



Finally, the one indelible impression had from the day was that of the inexhaustible wealth of the people's singing material in the vicinity traversed.

ODESSA

The universal wheat field and the Black Sea which form Odessa's city limits do not hinder the building of an attractive city, which pleases the visitor and is a permanent source of pride to Odessa's own residents. There is much flavor of the

Orient, the whitewashed buildings, the sand and light colored soil, and the bright sunshine contributing to the effect. Getting up into the town from the station, finally coming upon the view to the sea and the fine bay, the landline bends out to the north and back east so far away that the eye hardly finds the low rows of trees which grow in uninterrupted stretches over the north bank of the bay. On the recent summer morning when the traveler came upon the scene, a murky atmosphere hung low over the bay and there seemed justification for the appellation of the "Black Sea." For the people's summer recreation there are a number of establishments along the southern strand, where bathing, boating and popular concerts are offered as attractions. The wealthy Russians spend most of the summer at west European resorts, then come for a few weeks in the autumn to the Crimea, where the beautiful coast city of Ialta forms the center of fashion. For the winter there is some grand opera, and above all, the city opera house is



OX TRAIN IN ODESSA

one of the most beautiful theatres in the whole world. It was the visitor's luck to see there a magnificent performance of a drama by the Tolstoy son, Alexis. The drama called "Czar Feodor" represented the weak son of Ivan the Terrible. Here one could re-discover that when spoken by distinguished actors, the Russian language is one of very unusual beauty.

The European or American who reaches Odessa from the Russian interior soon feels himself a long way from home. Here are not only the immediate sea connections for Constantinople, but open cruising to Batum, direct highway to Tiflis and Persia. So are the Holy Land and the city of Jerusalem

less than a thousand miles from Odessa. Over on the neighboring peninsula of the Crimea there are populous communities of uneducated Tartars who understand Turkish better than Russian, and that through the very close relation of the Tartar and Turkish tongues. But there are glimpses of the ancient and the Oriental to be had without leaving Odessa. The correspondent had not been in the place many minutes until his way was blocked by a caravan of seven yoke of white oxen, hauling flour through the streets. To this day an ox caravan proves to be a leisurely procession, as it was thousands of years ago. Upon again seeing several yoke of the animals hauling grain, the traveler went to his hotel for a camera, and upon return, fifteen minutes later, the caravan was resting less than a block from where it was first seen. For ordinary passenger conveyance about the city, Odessa has a good electric system, besides the inexpensive horse cab service which is so plentiful all over Russia.



As at Kiev, the summer programs of the Odessa municipal orchestra show striking allegiance to the Russian composers. A study of these pavilion programs for the first two months of the season found some thirty Russians and their northern neighbor composers played persistently. Various works received two or more renditions. The honors for frequency fell naturally to Tschaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, followed by Rubinstein, Glazounow and Borodin. The Tschaikowsky works played were the first and fifth symphonies, the violin concerto, an aria from the "Sorceress" ("Charodeika"), Slavonic march, excerpts from "Pique Dame" and "Eugen Onegin," the Italian capriccio (three times), the symphonic poem "Fatum," the "Nutteracker" suite (twice), the "Schwanenteich" ballet suite, and various songs with piano or orchestra.

Rimsky-Korsakoff was represented by a "Snegourotechka" suite (three times), a suite from the opera "Christmas Night," his "Dubinuschki," op. 62 (three times), the Spanish capriccio; excerpts from the opera "Golden Cockerel" (twice), the "Skazka" op. 29, the "Sadko" and "Scheherazade" music, and an entracte from the opera "Czar Saltan." Rimsky-Korsakoff was further represented by orchestrations of Moussorgsky's overture to "Chovantchina" and overture to "Boris Godounow."

Rubinstein had selections from "Feramors," a waltz caprice, Spanish dance; "Russky and Trepak" and an aria from "Maccabeus." Liadow had two hearings of the "Kikimora" sketch; an orchestral picture op. 62, also "Baba Yaga" and "Tabakerka." Arensky was played in two performances of the variations on a Tschaikowsky theme. There were further Rebikoff's "Waltz of the Roses" and suite from his opera

"the Yule Tree;" N. D. Nicolaieff's symphonic poem "In Foreign Lands;" Glinka's ballads in Balakirew's orchestration, and each two performances of the "Night in Madrid" fantasia and the overture to a "Life for the Czar." Liobomirsky's "Oriental danse" was his only representation.

Glazounow had the orchestral fantasie "The Sea" op. 28, his "Idylle" and "Reverie Orientale" from op. 14; his Oriental dance, various songs, and his orchestration of the Chopin polonaise op. 40. Wassilenko has here a scene from his suite "To the Sun;" Beisig had a polonaise with incidental solos by five different orchestral instruments; Dargomwirshky a "Kosachek" and aria from "Russlan and Ludmilla;" Kochetoff the march from his Arabian suite. Borodin had an aria and chorus from "Knyaz Igor;" Spendiaroff a berceuse and two hearings of his "Pliasovaya;" Akimenko the lyric poem op. 20; Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's Armenian rhapsody and Alsatian ballade; Ilynsky a wiegenlied and suite, and "Noor and Anitra;" Rachmaninoff had the fantasie "Utess," op. 7, and aria from "Aleko;" S. Taneieff had two hearings of an entracte from "Orestes" trilogy; Napravnik one hearing of an intermezzo from "Doubrovsky," and Globlatch songs with orchestra.

Among the northern and Finnish neighbors were Sibelius with the C major symphony; orchestral romance; his "Swan of Tuonella" and "Belshazzar" suite. Armas Jærnefelt was represented by an orchestral prelude (twice) and berceuse; Johan Halvorsen's "Bojaren" march (twice); Svendsen's "Parisian Carnival," "Zorohaida" legend, and songs for vocal trio; Smetana's overtures to operas "Libusha" and "The Kiss;" Luigini's Egyptian ballet suite and Grieg's concerto for piano. Special occasions brought entire program evenings of Wagner, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Tschaikowsky.



The orchestral variations by the late composer Arensky are fine enough to deserve better acquaintance. Arensky's musical gift was a decidedly lyric one, and his practically unknown first symphony heard in Moscow two years ago had intensely lyric episodes with much other material of great interest. The present variations on a Tschaikowsky theme require thirteen minutes to play, the music proceeding continually in melodic lines of the very finest texture. A wild Russian manner is assumed for one of the variations, and another bit of brisk play follows the fermata. The work closes quietly after going through interesting harmonic and contrapuntal leadings.

Another of the programs heard in Odessa included the Tschaikowsky first symphony, the violin concerto played by concert master Zadri, and songs with piano. The first sym-

phony has some material as good as may be found in any of the composer's later symphonies, and while this work holds together reasonably well, there are a few moments of the scherzo in which the inspiration is very light. Zadri played the concerto in beautiful tone and adequate technical skill. Eichenwald conducted well at all times, securing much intensity of play without disturbing tonal balance among the corps.

HARKOV REPERTORY

Anton Eichenwald has been for four years first conductor of the Harkov opera, after having conducted for five years at Tiflis. In Harkov he is assisted by the young conductor Asklanoff. The opera at Harkov is an enterprise of Sergei Akimoff, who has been directing the organization for eight years. The repertory includes four of the operas by Rimsky-Korsakoff, two by Moussorgsky, four by Tchaikowsky (including the great "Mazeppa"), and numerous works by Puccini, including the "Girl of the West;" Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," d'Albert's "Tiefland" and Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel" are also given. There has been no opera by Richard Strauss, though the "Rosencavalier" may be put on this season. Harkov is a prosperous city in the grain belt on the long, straight road from Sebastopol to Moscow. Opera has been given there possibly for thirty years.

SEBASTOPOL AND CRIMEA

From Odessa to Sebastopol by steamer, then by post automobile fifty-five miles over the Crimean peninsula to Ialta, the correspondent was enabled to combine musical interests with travel in country of heroic beauty. On the approach to Sebastopol, a Russian warship, standing off three miles to one side, lent excitement by firing a half dozen heavy shells into the sea two hundred yards behind the passenger ship. Arrived at Ialta, the correspondent had the luck to find Alexander Glazounow, the composer of eight symphonies, and a man of peace, yet by reason of his post as director of Petrograd Conservatory and chairman of the Russian Imperial Musical Society, still to be rated a commander-in-chief for all Russia's musical forces. Other musicians met on the Crimean trip were opera composer Vladimir Rebikoff, and Glazounow's talented pupil, Miron Jacobsohn, a cor-repetitor of the Petrograd Opera and composer of songs and piano works.

Just at the location of the harbor in Odessa the banks rise to a possible height of two hundred feet. The builders of the city made proper use of this elevation by erecting an imposing series of stone steps, which extend from the harbor level to the boulevard and promenade above. Travelers who leave Odessa by ship have a fine view for twenty minutes, the top of the opera house standing out beautifully over the main line of buildings.



On the recent trip the steamer left Odessa at noon, and the voyage was uneventful until nine o'clock next morning, when passengers heard cannonading. After a while four warships were seen to the east at a distance of three miles. The Odessa steamer continued at uniform distance along the line and other warships and many marine targets were passed. Finally one of the ships began firing shells to the rear, slightly off their own line, and the travelers took great delight in watching the water rise like geysers where the shells fell, some miles away. The cannonading and the succeeding spectacle of practice war had been going on for fifty minutes when suddenly one lone ship showed a splash of fire and a column of smoke. Almost immediately there came the whirling, boring, burning of a shell which fell on the passenger steamer's path, hardly 300 yards to the rear. Five or six other shells came in so quick succession that one was hardly in the sea until the plowing and boring of the next was heard. The Russians said that the marines were guilty of gross careless-

ness in firing in the direction of a passenger ship. Others thought the proceeding might be some usual item of entertainment for all those who traveled the water road from Odessa to Sebastopol. Still others said that the Odessa ship had on board no enemy, with the possible exception of the one American. Some days later it was learned that on one steamer sailing near Sebastopol, a woman had been killed. Since the Crimean journey now written about, the Black Sea fleet has been in mutiny, a great conspiracy was discovered, and punishment meted out.

The entrance to Sebastopol harbor is accomplished through a maze of war craft and training vessels. Upon arrival, the traveler did not wait to look around the famous battle grounds, but immediately sought the post automobile for the five or six hours' mountain run to Ialta. There is no rail-



THE BLACK SEA AND CRIMEA

way to Ialta and the distance must be covered by land road or sea. The correspondent went one route and returned by the other.

In the vicinity of Sebastopol every bit of ground carries some written or unwritten history of the Siege of Sebastopol. The journey overland to Ialta begins in typical atmosphere of the Orient. The entire district is almost treeless, the road winds around through a long, shallow canyon, passing an occasional crude rock dwelling, built in the sides of the hills. The sun is intensely bright and the scrub brush and other scant vegetation along the way are thickly covered with white dust from the soft stone road. For the first twenty-five minutes after the start the road is continually at an incline, when finally one comes upon an impressive panorama of a barren

basin, with mountains around in several directions in the distance. The automobile then descends in many curves, and coming upon smooth roads at the bottom, the machine is allowed to run briskly for the first time. Another hill is climbed and the second descent is made in pretty tobogganing. Everywhere are parched grass and Tartar huts enclosed by wolf proof walls of stone. A grave and a cross on every knoll reminded continually of the cruel siege. Further on, another great basin, fully shut in by mountains, is tillable, and grain is being threshed by two tethered horses, which tramp around in a twenty foot circle. One does not know how many genera-



TARTAR SHEPHERD IN THE CRIMEA

tions or centuries grain may have been tramped out in the same manner. The road leads through an interesting Tartar village of rough stone houses, roofed with red tile. At an inn, high on the mountain side, near the farther end of the basin, the automobile stops for repairs and the guests may take refreshment if they wish. From a hut around the turn of the road ahead one hears the pipe of a shepherd. The travelers do not succeed in getting a single glimpse of the shepherd, but here is his plaintive lay :



The automobile consents to run again and the ascent out of the basin continues for a scant five minutes, when the road leads through a great portal and the Black Sea is seen stretch-

ing away below in overwhelming magnificence. The distance is more than a thousand feet. The water lies in richest deep green and glassy smoothness. The travelers fairly shout their delight and though all unacquainted they begin talking freely of the scene. All guide books especially remark upon the extraordinary beauty of the view at this Baidar Gate, and the realization is in full of every word of promise. From this first view until Ialta is reached, three hours later, the Black Sea is hardly again out of the traveler's eye. The road leads in sharp spirals far down and high up, in ever changing altitude and direction, yet there is ever some final gain in the direction of Ialta. The sea maintains its impressive beauty below, the rock is ever present in heroic outline above. Other Tartar villages of a single street lend strangeness to the journey. The travelers finally come upon a new palace of the czar (Livadia), and in gradual descent the beautiful city of Ialta is soon reached. The town stretches out in irregular half circle along the water line, and the mountains just at the rear rise again to a height of some two thousand feet.

GLAZOUNOW VISITED

In going from Kiev to Ialta, by way of Odessa and Sebastopol, the traveler was only following a recent trail of Glazounow's. The distinguished composer had conducted one of his symphonies in Kiev and Odessa. At Ialta he was the guest of his friend, the well known composer, A. A. Spendiaroff. When the traveler called at the Spendiaroff residence the host was away on a ten-day errand, but Glazounow could be seen. The ensuing visit with Glazounow was on a basis of remeeting, since he had been seen daily for two weeks at Petrograd on the occasion of the Rubinstein prize competitions, two years before. At the Spendiaroff house Glazounow was found pretty well buried in a pile of proofs of a ballet music suite that the Petrograd Marien Theater had desired for an Italian opera. The composer was enjoying his stay at Ialta, but wishing that he could be more regularly industrious again. His latest big work of the last season had been the piano concerto inaugurally played in Petrograd by Constantin Igumnow of Moscow, and probably to be played by Godowsky at the dedication of a new concert hall in Petrograd. The concerto was already in print and in the autumn it would further appear in miniature orchestral score, as would also his eighth symphony. His first symphony would soon appear, by him reedited. That work had been issued and played in Russia before he was seventeen years old.

After some further gossip of composition and composers, the visitor especially wished to know what prospect there was in Russia to find still unknown people's songs. Russian musicians had been collecting and publishing such material for many years and there was a desire to know in what ratio the rich mines of song were becoming exhausted. Glazounow promptly replied that there would not be any particularly valuable fields remaining unworked, with the exception of the lower Volga and some Crimean districts. Hereupon the visitor told of strange musical experiences on the Volga two years before, also showed the composer the shepherd's melody notated the day before, near the Baidar Gate. Upon seeing the visitor's interest in musical folk, Glazounow then told of the strange old all-Tartar city of Bach-tehi-serai, which could be visited to the north of Sebastopol, on the way to Moscow. He



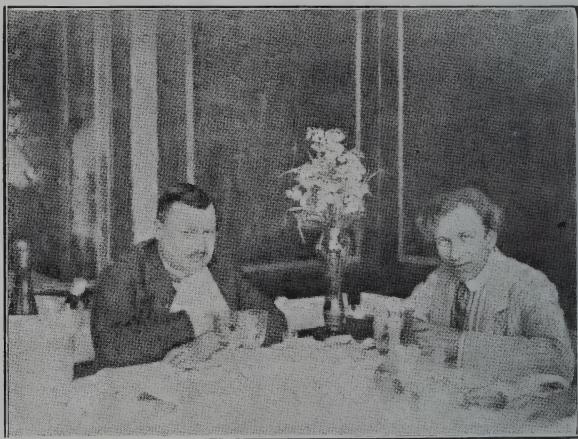
NATIVE SHEEP IN THE CRIMEA

volunteered a card of introduction to his young friend and former pupil, Jacobsohn, then sojourning at Sebastopol. When the correspondent later deciphered the script and the Russian, it was seen that Glazounow had wished Mr. Jacobsohn to act as the correspondent's guide on the prospective trip to Bach-tehiseraï, which was an hour's train run from Sebastopol. The circumstance was only typical of the Glazounow heart which long since made him one of the best beloved men in Petrograd's public life. Furthermore, one did not doubt that this man had been recipient of many orders, honors and degrees, yet his card bore only the seven words, "Alexander Glazounow, Director of St. Petersburg Conservatory." Before leaving the Spendiaroff house, the visitor begged to know if he might see the composer again, on some walk about the city, or

at any leisure hour. Glazounow then said that the dinner hour on the following day would be occasion for another meeting. On this appointment, which found the master really at leisure, the sitting extended to two hours and a half, during which time the correspondent could revel in hearing incidents of Russia's richest musical traditions—of the personal relations among the Rubins, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakirew, Cui and Tschaikowsky, with all of whom it had been Glazounow's privilege to be in contact.



In whatever manner the conversation led to Tschaikowsky, there was always an undertone of reverence for the unusually fine person of Russia's greatest composer. Glazounow particularly remembered a regret once expressed by Rimsky-Kor-



GLAZOUNOW AND PUPIL

sakoff, after the death of Tschaikowsky. These men had been sincere friends, yet it had never been Rimsky-Korsakoff's custom to tell Tschaikowsky his appreciation of the composer's works. It was when Tschaikowsky was gone that his friend was sorry not to have given the composer some kind, hearty word about the "Pique Dame" or some other of the real masterpieces. Thus Glazounow recalled much that truly reflected the time when Russia's art music was young.

Finally, the correspondent, as long time consistent friend of Glazounow's own compositions, was constrained to ask if, in the composer's large output, some of the better works had suffered undue neglect. The question brought the only personal complaint that was noted in the course of two meetings. Glazounow said he felt sorry that though he had been a long

time member of the principal musical societies which gave annual festivals in the German speaking states, he had not yet had the honor to be represented by a composition on those programs. As to particular works which might prove available for occasional use in the every day concert life, there were, besides the symphonies, his "Finnische Fantaisie;" an incidental music to Wilde's drama "Salome;" "Zwei elegische Preludien;" an orchestral "Schicksalslied," and respectively an "Orientalischer Tanz" and an "Orientalische Rhapsodie." On the part of the correspondent there would be added an especial preference for the sixth symphony, the violin concerto, an unusually worthy string quartet of about op. 63, a fine set of piano variations recently heard in Odessa, and the high color ballet music of "The Seasons," also recently heard at Kiev.

VLADIMIR REBIKOFF

The Russian composer, Vladimir Rebikoff, now of Vienna but formerly at Moscow, had a considerable list of compositions in the press of Jørgenson of Moscow, but just now the entire list has been bought up by Breitkopf & Härtel of Leipzig. Of that catalog, carrying forty opus numbers, the one-act fairy opera "Der Christbaum" is the most pretentious. Most of the other works are psychological studies and romanças or character pieces for the voice, and in forms for piano solo. When visited in his hotel, Mr. Rebikoff said he had nearly completed an opera called "Trilby." For the coming autumn of 1912 he had plans to be very busy giving concerts of his own compositions, all written in the whole tone scale, in the use of which scale he felt himself one of the earliest pioneers. He showed that compositions of his, written in the whole tone scale, were issued from the Jørgenson press two years before the similar first works of Debussy began appearing. The publishing dates were respectively 1897 and 1899. The coming recitals, to be given in Vienna and London, were to be called "mood evenings."



On the return from Ialta to Sebastopol by steamer there were some hours of fine running, in easy view of the rugged mountains which had been earlier traversed by automobile. Arriving at Sebastopol at early afternoon, there was time for an interesting visit with composer Jacobsen, whose E major piano sonata was soon to issue from the press of Julius Heinrich Zimmermann. The traveler made the drive to the beautiful Russian cemetery from the farther side of the bay, which was crossed by launch. The vicinity of Sebastopol has large separate national cemeteries for the thousands of French, English and Russians who fell during the famous siege.

As to the disposition of Alexander Glazounow's card, brought from Ialta by the traveler, Mr. Jacobsohn would have gladly made the trip to the Tartar city of Bachtchiserai, but his plans had been made complete for the journey in the other direction—toward Ialta. The writer therefore entered upon the excitement of making the excursion alone.

TARTARS OF TCHUFUTKALEH

OTHER ORIENTAL MUSIC

The present report of a visit to Tartar musicians at Bachtchiserai and the neighboring caves of Tchufutkaleh was brought about through the meeting with Alexander Glazounow, recently written about from the Crimea. Glazounow's card to Mr. Jacobsohn at Sebastopol had found the latter gentleman just ready to go to Ialta. The correspondent was therefore alone on an evening train for the hour's run from Sebastopol to the old Tartar capital, Bachtchiserai.

The land just to the north and east of Sebastopol lies in a series of ridges and valleys, and the train requires many min-



THE FIRST SESSION

utes to cross these ridges through deep cuts in the solid rock. There is everywhere a sign of the siege. One imagines that every hole and break in the adjacent canyons has been made by heavy artillery. Particularly at Inkermann, the rocks and caves recall the military strength that had proved unavailing in the famous siege. Darkness came on soon after leaving Inkermann and there was nothing more to see until the arrival at

Bachtchiserai. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been no sightseeing until morning, but here it was otherwise. The traveler had no more than found his hotel when a Tartar guide applied to be engaged next day. Though a pure Tartar, the guide spoke good Russian.

The traveler desired immediately to find some catering place where he might have the luck to hear the Tartar plain people singing or playing. He vaguely thought the opportunity would be had at a cafe within the palace. There proved to be no music on this evening, but the guide and traveler heard a part of a Mohammedan service in a mosque of the palace. Thereafter the guide, with lamp in hand, led the way in an ascent of the principal minaret. This minaret was so narrow that the small spiral stair necessitated abrupt turning for the entire hundred-foot ascent. From the top landing the little city was seen stretching up and down the valley. Upon descent from the minaret, the man of religion was waiting for



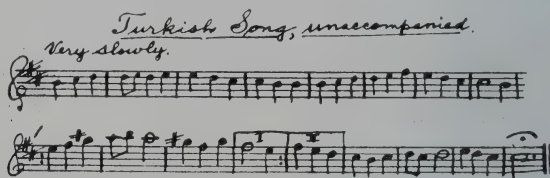
ANOTHER VIEW

his fee. The guide next led to the garden, where only coffee drinking was available as pastime. The coffee was ordered "French" in contradistinction to "Turkish," but there is surmise that the French and Turkish were brewed in the same pot. The coffee grounds stood in cup and the beverage ran in rich, mealy flow.

The close common relation of the Tartar and Turkish languages had been learned of practically during the steamer trip back from Ialta to Sebastopol. On board were two Turks, bound for the Tartar settlement at Simferopol, another hour north of Bachtchiserai. Neither could speak Russian, but they would have no trouble in speaking with the Tartars at Sim-

feropol. One was professor of music. His friend explained in Constantinople English that the professor would speak to the American in Arabic, or Turkish, or Tartaric. The entire offer was declined on good and sufficient grounds. Nevertheless, the professor was kindly disposed to sing, and he repeated his song, to permit its notation.

The notes given below represent but an imperfect translation, since the voice was in continual variability of pitch, as if in a studied ornamentation. The effect was about that of an exaggerated tremolo on every tone. The composition itself was in slow and stately three-pulse rhythm, suggesting some of the very old European dance forms.



The famous old Jewish fortification and temple of Tchufutkaleh occupies a place at the edge of the left cliff, about two miles up the valley from Bachtchiserai. The left watershed is hardly more than three hundred feet across. On the near side, the one time fortification is reached after some five hundred feet sharp climb. On the other side one looks directly over a precipice to the sandy and barren valley a thousand feet below.

The right valley at Bachtchiserai is some hundreds of yards wide, but within the two miles' walk to Tchufutkaleh the traveler has seen the hills close in until hardly a hundred feet are left. In a steep cliff at the right, several minutes' walk before reaching the Jewish temple, there is a Russian monastery, built in the rock some hundred feet above the valley. On the hot Sunday morning of this visit, an unknown but friendly Russian picnic party from Simferopol joined the correspondent and his guide, and after an hour's rest just under the monastery, the party renewed the walk up the valley. The traveler had no idea of what the day had in store except a promised opportunity to hear some Tartar music.

About a mile beyond the monastery, the party began scaling the left cliff and was still a couple of hundred feet from the top, when the Tartar guide gave a shrill whistle and stood as if awaiting reply. Within a few seconds a band of swarthy musicians had issued from some unknown quarter and began playing a lively march. The surprise was complete and the music indescribably exciting. The travelers hastened up the

hill and arrived at the several flat, narrow landings where the band was stationed, about thirty feet from the top of the ledge. Then the visitors saw the excavations from which the musicians had just emerged. These caves, hewn in the solid rock, are permanent dwellings of the musicians.

The first errand for a music reporter was to observe the band's instrumentation, which was found to embrace four clarinets, two fiddles, a trumpet and three of the heavy, native tambourines or timbrels, called "boobnui." The latter instruments, with particularly heavy brass discs in the rims, are made at Bachtchiserai. They are played with the bare hands, in continual drumming. With the mystery of instrumentation cleared up, there was next an attempt to observe the strange rhythms of the timbrels, which, with the four shrill clarinets, were prime contributors to the excitement.



CAVES OF MUSICIANS' RESIDENCE

All the subsequent exhaustive observations of Tartar and other Oriental music bore out the importance of the rhythmic accomplishments shown here at Tehufutkaleh, and later, in the palace garden at Bachtchiserai. The reporter's "desk" in the boiling sun was not an agreeable spot, but with much perspiration and a very accommodating band, which played repeatedly, it was possible to take down some motives.

Before proceeding with an exposition of motives and rhythms it is well to observe these general facts concerning the music played:

I. The first march, notwithstanding its great power to excite, had so little of exotic character as to arouse thought that it had been brought in from Austria. Later investigation proved this surmise correct, for the

march was found printed by an Austrian firm. Many other beautiful dances played were easy to classify, either as Austrian, Russian or Polish.

II. There were frequent compositions, probably pure Tartar, in slow nine-eighth and twelve-eighth phrase, compositions of great solemnity and noble melodic beauty; probably intended as processional, yet each of these was relieved by a wild, two-pulse presto, in which one essentially Tartar rhythmic (and diatonic) figure was nearly always present.

III. There was never a true harmonic fabric developed. Most of the instruments played the melody in unison, but there was an occasional counter melody, and at least one of the clarinets was generally contributing to the cross rhythms which were being simultaneously exploited by the timbrels.

IV. Some of the men, accompanied by the remainder, gave numerous Tartar songs, nearly everybody in unison, as usual. There was an interlude at every verse, and these interludes were marvels of rhythmic value representing a type of interweaving that no symphonist could excel.

V. Though many melodies showed seemingly arbitrary accidentals, probably now conventional with the Tartars, there was no formal modulation, except that a tune in minor would be changed abruptly to the major of the same degree, instead of the relative major.

VI. An orchestra of six Tartar men heard on Sunday evening in the garden of the ancient palace at Bachtchiserai, had only one clarinet, one violin, two trumpets, a bass drum and only one timbrel. Neither here nor at Tchufutkaleh were there any notes used, and probably none but the leaders could read notes at all. The repertory showed the same general characteristics as were heard on the mountain. Particularly the solemn nine-beat and twelve-beat phrases were frequently in evidence, the tune in seeming improvisatory manner and the usual imposing melodic beauty. The cross rhythm supplied by the drum and timbrel, also aided by the clarinet, kept the proceedings at the same exciting stage as with the ten men of the other band.



A MORNING SESSION AT TWO ROUBLES

The subjoined musical illustrations were assembled in three hearing sessions, including the Sunday evening garden music at Bachtchiserai palace, and an early Monday morning second visit to Tchufutkaleh. When the experience ended and a summary was made of the assembled notes and motives, the correspondent felt chagrin that he had secured so little material in its complete form. But the difficulties in notation were numerous enough.

The correspondent had no printed note paper and had

each time to rule ordinary writing paper, generally with only the other hand as support. So were a number of other fine melodies secured almost complete, but they finally seemed to be of Austrian or other European origin, sometimes also avowedly Russian. The players sometimes repeated a selection on request, but there remained the prime difficulty of deciphering the broken rhythms. Furthermore, the musical motives here produced are still lamentably imperfect through omission of the wealth (almost overwealth) of ornamentation in mordents, trills and unceasing effects of grace notes or appoggiatura, constituting a veritable maelstrom to one not accustomed to hearing music of this type.

I. The main rhythmic scheme.

Leisurely

Drum or first timbrel

Second timbrel

The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a melody in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Leisurely'. The middle staff is for the 'Drum or first timbrel' and the bottom for the 'Second timbrel', both showing a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes with triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes.

II. Tartar song at Tchufutkaleh.

allegretto

The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a melody in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'allegretto'. The middle and bottom staves show rhythmic patterns for two timbrels, with triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes.

III. Other rhythms

(Allegretto)

Funeral phrase.

Allegro per presto

a frequent diatonic figure by clarinet, probably distinctly Tartar.

The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a melody in G major, 2/4 time, marked '(Allegretto)'. The middle and bottom staves show rhythmic patterns for two timbrels, with triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The bottom staff is marked 'Allegro per presto' and includes a note about a frequent diatonic figure by clarinet, probably distinctly Tartar.

In connection with Tchufutkaleh it may be further written that the musicians have no other profession. They begin

their training here when seven years old, just as did their fathers and forefathers. The men have no guaranteed income, but must get along mainly with the perquisites received from tourists who visit the famous Jewish ruins. Further, the city garden music occasionally requires a man or two auxiliary twice weekly, and an occasional festivity around the city or community completes the outlook for an existence.

It was learned at Bachtchiserai that the place had been recently honored by a visit from Glazounow and Jacobsohn, and that Glazounow, whose waist line is about the same as that of President Taft, had valiantly withstood the mountain climb to



FROM WATERSHED A THOUSAND FEET DOWN

Tchufutkaleh. Finally the traveler had to acknowledge gratitude to the Tchufutkaleh and Bachtchiserai musicians, their patience, their unfailing kindness, and above all, whatever spirit it was that continually thrilled through their playing.

OTHER ORIENTAL MUSIC.

From the leader at Bachtchiserai garden one heard that in Petrograd this small band had played fifty or seventy-five selections each for the Pathe' and the Grammophon company's talking machine records. In subsequent visits to Moscow and Petrograd, the traveler has augmented the study of Crimean Tartar music by some hours' hearing of records made by Ural and Kasan Tartars, Chinese, Persian, Turkish, Armenian, Gruzinian and other Caucasian and Minor Asiatic peoples. To this end both the Moscow and Petrograd houses

of Julius Heinrich Zimmermann courteously placed their entire stock of the Grammophon company's Oriental records at the unlimited disposal of the correspondent. So also the Pathe' wholesale house in Moscow gave a skilled attendant and all their records for some hours' brisk work in the playing of their Oriental music. These privileges constituted invaluable help in obtaining a comprehensive idea of what Oriental music is.

Since there may be musicians who would like to pursue further observations for themselves, the writer subjoins his notes of impressions on twenty-seven of the compositions heard. There remains the hindrance that music can not be translated into language, therefore the fact that the only adequate way to know music is by hearing. The memoranda are here subjoined:

THE GRAMMAPHON (CALLED ZONOFON) RECORDS

No. 200864.—Kasan Tartar. A fully improvisatory, spasmodic phrase. Unlike Crimean, more Turkish and very good musical quality.

No. 200865.—Kasan. Ecstatic as preceding, but monotonous.

No. 100873.—Kasan In even sixteenths, the timbrel in unbroken eighths, the manner about as American ragtime. The tonality depending mostly on the tonic, and two tones down to sixth of key scale.

No. 100872.—Kasan. Same manner, everything even and only melody shows change, about ragtime or country dance.

No. 127892.—Persian song. Exactly manner of songs heard at Tchufut-kaleh. Sort of stately three-pulse, but also the vocal squall and quaver heard from Turk on steamer from Ialta.

No. ———Persian song, "Kiasma Schakasta," most original of all; much



THE GUIDE DANCES SOLO

squall, but strange text delivery and little rhythm. About ragtime interlude.

No. ———Chinese (Canton) song. Seems only declamation, later comes song with accompaniment. It is far more exotic than Persian, Tartar or Turk.

No. ———.Another Cantonese song with orchestra. This is much more "tuneful"; see especially the voice ever waiting a measure and entering again. The motion steady, in even eighths undulating, the tonality not so strange as in preceding song. Good deal of dignity in the phrase when not played too fast.

No. ———.Ural Tartar song, shows in the text much of the manner of Crimean Tartar song.

No. ———.Ural Tartar song, "Kuschtan Kiz," has much relation to ragtime.

No. ———.Bokhara song, "Birya," with instruments, a strange affair in some stately three-pulse, but improvisatory and highly ecstatic.

No. ———.Another Bokhara song, same general manner of Turkish, and especially the ornamentation as of tremolo, the singer under great stress all the while.

THE PATHE' (CALLED PATEFON) RECORDS

No. 25722.—Bachtchiserai orchestra. Work in noble beauty, the big drum in broken beat. What is this long drum—hammering alone as interlude funereal? There is some contrapuntal variation in inner voices, also very beautiful but no harmonic structure. (See interlude.)

No. 25723.—Same orchestra. Very sustained and noble, ever the broken drum beat. Also clarinet keeps working a figuration over the sustained.

No. 25725.—Same orchestra. Even sixteenths, the strange timbrel hammering in brokenly. Another section in triplets, quickly, but their playing does not accent the first and fourth eighths, so it seems hardly like six eighths.

No. 25716.—Song with chorus. Sounds Turkish, the interlude always rhythmic. The big interlude a wonder each time.

No. 25717.—Song with chorus. Promises much from the beginning, if in manner of lament. Strangely fine interlude, the clarinet leading the business each time. (See interlude.)

No. 25722.—Above record of this catalogue number, repeated. Ever the high clarinet, the second episode very noble, the drum hammers vigorously about twelve beats, four-fourths, as interlude.

No. 25712.—Song with chorus. Pretty much Turkish, as lament, the inevitable interlude interesting, the phrases spasmodically outbursting.

No. 25242.—Song (Dervish) with chorus. This has much less value for our ears. The men have big voices and sing with energy slowly. The solo phrase always eight beats, then chorus.

No. 25274.—Gruzinian song with chorus. Pretty much Russian folk in the lining out of solo. Fine music, beautiful.

No. 25275.—Gruzinian song with chorus. All begin, then solo in even eighths, Russian. The song comes into much detail of composition. Very pretentious in the form, ever some new material.

No. 25277.—Same performers. March song of much tuneful value. Yes, absolute value and much greater than in any music, except of the Bachtchiserai Tartars.

No. 25278.—Same performers. Short solo lining out, six-eighth meter, bright moderato. Very original and unlike their other selections.

No. 25189.—Sartski orchestra. The reed predominates as lead, Turkish. It goes as a march, much timbrel. What is the monotone blowing in every two beats? The melody not unlike Tartar in rhythm.

No. 25192.—Sartski orchestra. Six-eight dance, played on some stringed instrument of panlike tone, but on skin or plucked string. Good deal of the monotone, same chord. Long time before somebody begins yelling to boost the show. The melody very primitive.

No. 25906.—Kasan Tartar, Kasan singer. This is much more like American "Old Zip Coon" as to the phrase. But she sings the pair of high, unpitched, screamed tones in her own Kasansky way. (See melody.)

No. 25907.—Simferopol song by same Kasan artist. This is much more European but for the middle section, in Kasan Tartar, bright jig manner.

Ural Tartar Song, "Dunya" (Zonofon)

From Kasan, "Balamashkin" (Zonofon)

Kasan Tartar, No. 25906 Pathe

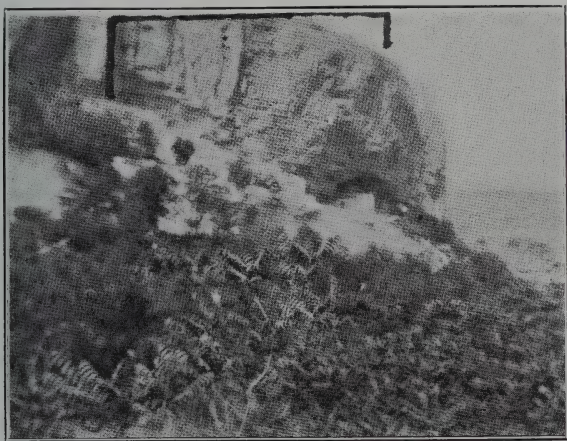
Interlude to No. 25723, Pathe. Moderato

Interlude to No. 25717, Pathe. Moderato

Interlude to No. 25712, Pathe. Moderato

Summarizing on the experience in hearing Oriental music, the highest musical value for European ears would be accorded the Gruzinian choruses in the Caucasus, as well also the choruses of Armenia. But during the whole study it was impossible to hear the work of the Bachtchiserai and Tehufutkaleh orchestras without falling into the same wondering admiration of the ideal rhythmic inter-weaving of their music, wherein there was generally some great melodic beauty also in evidence.

It is noteworthy that not one of the other Eastern peoples employed rhythms in a manner even approximately that of the Crimean Tartars. Much of the music of other Orientals proved worthless for Europeans, and the fact is borne out by the total



RUSSIAN MONASTERY HIGH OVER THE VALLEY

lack of sales except toward the provinces in which the music originated. One important retail house in Moscow had quit carrying Oriental records at all. Nevertheless the manufacturers were continuing to cater to the provinces that were musically represented. The companies sometimes called the musicians to Petrograd or Moscow, but most of the work of recording was done by the firms' special operators who traveled far into the Asiatic interior.

Returning to the Tehufutkaleh Tartars to close, it is probable that these men go on creating new melodies for their own playing, thereby adding to the rich, unwritten literature of their fathers.

MOSCOW AND PETROGRAD AGAIN

Reaching Moscow after the strange experience among the Crimean Tartars of Tchufutkaleh and Bachtchiserai the usual summer institutions of people's Russian opera and garden symphony looked pale. Some days were required to develop interest in Moscow again. It was the traveler's misfortune that Miss Ellen Tidebøhl, the "Musical Courier's" regular correspondent at Moscow, was not in the city. This accomplished woman had been met in conference two years before at Samara on the Volga, some hundreds of miles southeast of Moscow. At that time it was observed how comprehensive was her knowledge of the Russian music and how broad her personal acquaintance among the country's distinguished artists. She had much other correspondence in hand and was writing for publication in five languages, which were the English, French, German, Russian and some other.

For the future popular giving of grand opera in America, the two so-called people's houses (Narodny Dom) of Moscow and Petrograd carry a clear and important lesson. Both are garden enterprises. A previous paragraph in this book has explained the general plan of housed stage and orchestra, the audience room at Petrograd entirely enclosed but that at Moscow open to the weather at the sides and back. The prices range from the respective ten and twenty kopecks gate fee to a probable maximum of two dollars, according to location, yet the average seat for the middle class might total about forty cents. At Petrograd the auditor has free use of an opera glass which is placed in a leather pocket at the back of every seat.

The Petrograd house has strict supervision over the catering of beverages and cold and warm food, especially fixing prices at an unusually low basis. It will immediately occur to the traveler that in all experience in Russia, this is about the one place he has found where he is not likely to be overcharged. In very truth the Russian tradesman likes money and he terribly regrets necessity of giving change. So at the Moscow Narodny Dom he doesn't give any. That is, the traveler will do well always to count what little there is coming to him. The chief non-operative features at the Moscow garden are two military bands, which begin whooping things up when the opera has intermission. One of the bands plays for the pure joy of playing, the other serves as motive power for a small dance pavilion which can work only at intermissions of the opera. If the old Russian writers of opera didn't have these intermissions in mind, the present regisseurs do some

brisk scheming to make the pauses come around in great regularity.



Since opera organizations in other parts of the world have exciting races between receipts and expenses, it must be assumed that the salary lists for the orchestra and the singing personnel of the Moscow and Petrograd people's operas are in nowise princely arrangements. When the traveler was first in Moscow, two years before, the conductor at the Narodny Dom invariably read the operas from piano score, and the men played from hand copied notes. This year a wave of prosperity had permitted the conductor to have real conductor's scores, while most of the men played from printed notes. This prosperity may have come in through the same door as the present conductor, Sarajeff, who is said to be a man of means. At any rate, the wave had not yet made the 400 miles to Petrograd, for there the conductor was still reading Rubinstein's "Dæmon" from piano score, and the men were playing from notes which were old a long time ago.

Those Russians who feel pride in their imposing winter operas and ballets of the Petrograd Marien Theater and Moscow Grand Opera may not concede any importance at all to these summer organizations. Yet the results have definite value in the musical education they represent. When one observes that Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame" and "Mazeppa" contain much of the very best music he ever wrote, and these works hardly appear in the repertories of any non-Russian countries, the practical value is apparent without once stopping to ask about the exact artistic status of the performances. Fortunately, the renditions are at least adequate to give definite knowledge of the works and sometimes the giving reaches a very satisfying grade of excellence. It just happens that the present Moscow personnel has a few less satisfactory singers than were regularly appearing two years ago, and one must also observe that Mr. Sarajeff is much less magnetic than the conductor who was formerly there. The difference is especially apparent in the poetic writing of Tschaikowsky's masterpiece, the "Pique Dame." Nevertheless, Sarajeff is a conductor of routine, and an orderly performance may be regularly expected.

The Russian operas given are Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla," and "A Life for the Czar;" Dargomwirshky's "Rusalka," Rubinstein's "Dæmon" and "Nero," Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," Tschaikowsky's "Eugen Onegin," "Pique Dame" and "Mazeppa." All of these operas carry particular folk character in some part, and most of them are

on typical Russian subjects, so that the chorus and the small solo ballet are likely to have work at every performance.



On the birthday anniversary of the youthful Czarewitch, on August 12, the Moscow opera gave Glinka's "Life for the Czar." When the curtain rose, the entire solo and choral ensemble filled the stage, in the center of which was a handsome picture of the birthday child. Twice the great ensemble sang the Russian national hymn in impressive beauty, amid stormy approval of the assemblage. It was noticed that the principal tenor was not content with the established leading, but for the close of each verse took another contrapuntal device which still seemed beautiful and appropriate in so large musical body.



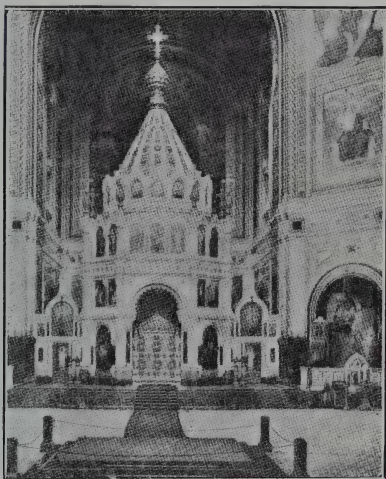
On a question of musical inspiration the writer was drawn into a soulful, intermittent, three-day discussion with two interesting Americans met at Moscow. They had heard and really knew an extraordinary total of good music, yet they were thoughtlessly assuming that Debussy and the particular Tschaikowsky of the "Pathetic" symphony were pinnacles in modern repertory. It seemed to be in vain that the correspondent argued for the thicker, closer boiled music of Brahms and Reger. Debussy may be writing universally beautiful music in miniature, but decidedly of an invertebrate type that will work unending damage through an army of less talented imitators. As to Debussy's extraneous scales, the principal whole tones were in print by another Russian composer some two years before Debussy published similar effects. For Debussy's other prime characteristic in writing the incessant trill-tremolo mood fixers, Liszt wrote great volumes of that kind of music some decades earlier. The prime value of the Debussy practice may be vested for a long time in his own music, as written by a man of fine spirit who happened to find among elements already existing a combination best adapted to his quality of inspiration. This Moscow discussion did not lead to disruption, but the writer felt that he was finally looked upon with the pity due one who had become a very reckless and wayward man.



Those pilgrims who would visit the graves of Russia's great composers may do so conveniently in Petrograd. The single churchyard of the "Lavra," about fifteen minutes' electric car ride from the heart of the city, has nearly all of the older set—Glinka, Dargomwirshky, Moussorgsky, Rubinstein, Borodin and Tschaikowsky. The churchyard is only a small one and the graves of these and other famous and less known

men are crowded closely, though the composers are not all in the same part of the enclosure.

The famous antiphonal choirs of the St. Xavier Church in Moscow may be heard by summer tourists who have a few days' time in the city. The choirs have only male voices and no organ or other instrument is used. The traveler has been present several times for the Saturday evening service from 7 to 9. On the visits of two years before, the traveler was struck by the occasional unique way in which the leader of the service carried the choirs into distant keys. The procedure



Within St. Xavier's, Moscow. Shrine viewed to south. Antiphonal choirs are placed in naves at either side and far apart. West nave is here visible at the right

consisted in ending each of a succession of phrases a trifle higher, in effect as of singing the last tone out of tune. These alterations in pitch continued upward until the desired new pitch was reached, then the choirs joined the leading voice. The same procedure was observed a few days later at Nijni Novgorod. In this summer's service at St. Xavier that manner of modulation was not once employed. In very close observation for all the frequent modulations through two hours of almost constant singing in interchange and ensemble of the two choirs, the modulations were found in every case to be within ordinary harmonic means and only to closely related keys. The magnificent church at St. Xavier was erected in gratitude for the deliverance from the forces of Napoleon in 1812.

VISIT TO SIBELIUS

In offering this report on an impromptu and wholly informal visit overnight at the home of the distinguished composer, Jean Sibelius, in the woods near Jarvenpææ, Finland, the correspondent apprehends that the material may not have great practical value for anybody. There had been no plan, nor opportunity to plan an interview on any fixed topic, and the visitor's main hope of leading the composer to talk about his own works was, in large part, a failure.

The Sibelius visit arose in September, 1912, upon the traveler's return to Germany from Russia, by way of Finland and the Scandinavian states. Leaving Petrograd by train in the evening at about 7 o'clock, the arrival at Helsingfors was in the morning at 6. The comfortable hotel Finnia was just across the broad square in front of the railway station. After a part of two days spent in many interviews with publishers and musical instrument dealers of the Finnish capital, the traveler inquired if it would be possible to see Sibelius. The prompt reply was that the composer lived in the country, an hour's train run from Helsingfors, but that if one telephoned and secured an appointment, the visitor would be met at the station by the Sibelius horse. In the further matter of asking for an appointment, the correspondent was without formal means of introduction, but trusting firmly in the desire to be useful to all composers, went to the telephone and started the risk. Fortunately getting the composer in person, the traveler asked if he could get acquainted with Sibelius. At once the genial composer granted the request and said he would send a horse to the evening train getting to Jarvenpææ at about 8 o'clock.

When the traveler alighted at the little station of Jarvenpææ and looked about for the Sibelius coachman, a young miss of about sixteen years introduced herself as the composer's daughter. She was acting coachman, with a sturdy pony and an open cart. A heavy mist was settling, but a storm robe and an umbrella were perfect protection during the fifteen minutes' drive out to the farm. The night was too dark to observe the lay of land, except that one was conscious of a partly wooded road. The young Miss Sibelius spoke German and conversation was easy. In the immediate errand of getting acquainted, it was learned that the family already intended this fair driver for the career of actress. Soon the road made a last sharp turn to the left and the rig brought up in a half circle through a great clump of firs. The composer and Mrs. Sibelius had heard the approach and stood at the

porch to welcome. An attendant was there to take the horse, and inside the Sibelius spacious home all was sincere and cordial. The visitor was already heartily glad he had made the trip.



The first general observation on Sibelius is that, except for silence as to his own compositions, one had no trouble in getting him to talk. It was but a very few minutes until he was speaking in greatest animation, in ideal balance between questioning and listening, as by a nature tuned unfailingly to the finest nuance. His whole bearing was that arising from great energy and high nervous organization. In the enthusiasm of conversation he frequently started up from his chair and walked hurriedly, in elastic step, back and forth across the large reception room. Though he was himself each year away from Finland for periods of a few weeks, in Berlin and in England, he had much to inquire about the outer world, just as he had much to tell. In this manner conversation ramified to many fields and to many points allying with music, painting, sculpture and languages. During the several hours of evening, and a breakfast session, it was possible to gather much on the Sibelius attitude toward other composers, besides something of the principles he is applying to himself.



In some prompt manner now no longer remembered, conversation led to Richard Strauss. The Sibelius estimate of a contemporary was extraordinarily just and exact, while considering the beauties of those Strauss operas he had been permitted to hear. There was but another step to Sibelius' own confession that he was feeling world weary—he was seeing great canals or river beds in which there was no water—musical forms and no music. The listener was soon aware of the composer's desperate determination to compose for content. It seemed a great conviction that should lead to extraordinary hammering and welding during the composing process, a fearful striving for intensity and the most potent discourse possible to attain. He flatly said that a piece of music should come first—its setting in poetry afterward. For this reason he doubted that he would ever compose an opera. His countenance was merry at the thought of an operatic tenor standing before the footlights, needing a song gauged to bring down the house. It was no job for him just yet. In rich humor he also said that he would be afraid to live in Berlin, for he would soon be giving his works instrumentation according to the noises he heard there.

At Jarvenpää he was trying for the intimate effects of nature and the open country. Notwithstanding the desire for

fineness in instrumentation, he was still wishing for broad melodic lines, in free, long sweep. He wished continually to disassociate his output from the idea of the Finnish music national. Formerly everybody had thought his works national Finnish, but since the real folk songs of Poland had become better known, it was seen that he was standing well to one side, and he came to be more appreciated as a definite musical personage, and he was really far away—possibly in an element (Fahrwasser) of his own. He had arrived now to the firm hope that the future had better things in store for him, that he would come to be appreciated much more than heretofore.

The visitor could only think that it would be strange if a man of this strong conviction and finely balanced nature did not fully arrive upon the best favor that the public had to be-

Given
 E. Simpson
 your friend
 E. Simpson
 Jean Sibelius
 Jarvis
 Finland
 19⁵ 12.



stow. The composer was honestly grateful for any favor shown his works, and he plainly said that he was not averse to making money with them.

The correspondent had started this summer's journey at Pisek, Bohemia, hearing Sascha Culbertson's nobly poetic rendition of the Sibelius violin concerto. Sibelius still recalled in terms of sincere gratitude that it was Hans Winderstein of Leipsic who first gave him orchestral hearing in Germany. True, the critics scolded according to their own sweet will, but his obligation for that start was none the less, and he especially wished the traveler to carry heartiest greetings to the Leipsic conductor. Upon the visitor's statement that recent years had brought to Leipsic Nikisch's Gewandhaus performance of the Sibelius first symphony and a hearing of the string quartet

under title of "Voces Intimae." the composer asked especially as to the impression taken from the "Voces Intimae." He was honestly, charitably willing to hear the worst if need be. The visitor had to confess that he had retained a much more vivid recollection of the symphony though heard at least two seasons before the quartet.

As for Sibelius' own idea of other composers, besides the above noted favorable disposition toward Strauss, one could note a strong current of interest in Busoni, if still Sibelius was not admiring those works in their entirety. Considering the modern French, the writer spoke of a recent discussion at Moscow, wherein the correspondent had been driven to say that Debussy's was a product altogether beautiful, if miniature, though it would work untold damage through its less talented imitators. Sibelius then gave complete validity to the hypothesis by relating that in a London meeting with Debussy the gifted Frenchman himself shrewdly remarked that it would not do to imitate him. On the whole, Sibelius particularly liked Ravel, possibly best of all the young French group. Finally returning to Sibelius, the only item to be had on the present was that he was composing his fifth symphony. He was soon leaving for London to give his fourth symphony its first public hearing in any country.



The foregoing embodies all that can be recalled of the composer's attitude toward musical composition, but in the fourteen hours' stay from evening to midmorning, there was much observed which is still valuable to a cultural portrait of the man and his family. When morning came, the visitor, as the first to wake, started out alone for a walk along the country road. The mist was again over all, but a couple of hundred yards from the composer's house the main road was inviting, and to the left fork there were fir woods, alternating with open heath and patches of water. At every house along this road, one read the name of some distinguished painter, sculptor or author. Yet through intention or circumstance there was no name at the Sibelius turn. Everybody knew who lived there. From a distance the composer's residence was seen to occupy a slight rise of ground surrounded by firs, except at the front, where broad glass windows left open view, over low sward, to the road. The floor of the yard was principally uneven, moss-grown rock.

When breakfast time came, Mr. and Mrs. Sibelius and the visitor were the party to resume conversation, which was soon running briskly again. The circumstance that soon thereafter a neighbor came to complete arrangements for some improvement to be made at the farm left Mrs. Sibelius and the cor-

respondent at table, where she kindly gave needful details of family associations which bore directly upon many items of art. The composer's father was a successful surgeon who died before Jean was three years old. An only brother to the composer now is professor of psychiatries at the Finnish National University at Helsingfors. Jean had been as a child a lover of nature, and he used to ramble through the woods, carrying his violin. In his later studies of that instrument, at Helsingfors, he had come, as he himself asserts, to a very passable skill for the performance of the Mendelssohn concerto, with orchestra. For the general art sympathy in the composer's family, a large part was carried in with Mrs. Sibelius, who was a born Järnefelt. Her three gifted brothers are composer Armas Järnefelt, who is also first conductor at the Stockholm Opera; the painter Eero Järnefelt, one of the most gifted of those represented at the Helsingfors National Gallery, and the dramatist Arvid Järnefelt, whose "Titus" was successfully given in Finnish and in Hungarian translation, at Buda Pesth. The correspondent was glad to have seen the eight Järnefelt canvases at the Helsingfors gallery, and to have noted in his catalog that the Järnefelt "Schwendeland" was one of the very best paintings in the modern section, the striking theme and composition, the clear perspective and fine, strong building of the color constituting an art that was in the highest degree satisfying.



With Mrs. Sibelius came also the family's pronounced practical belief in social equality, and this accounts for the circumstance that a baroness and Sibelius neighbors from the common folk may be occasionally entertained at the same table. On account of early training and associations, Mr. and Mrs. Sibelius speak much Swedish together, but their four-year-old daughter was speaking only Finnish as yet. The miss who drove to the train and would become actress knew Swedish and Finnish, had had German and French and would soon begin English. Another daughter was applying herself to the piano, and that the piano and the work of composition might not clash, the instrument was on the lowered floor or half basement, while the symphonies were being turned out at the third floor above. It is positively known that the affairs of the family thus run smoothly, for in a cosy hanging nest just outside, and at the center of the great windows, some tiny wild birds had found quiet to woo, wed and rear their young, under the delighted observation of all, from the smallest child to the author of the symphonies. The large interest which the family had to bestow on languages was an even combination of neces-

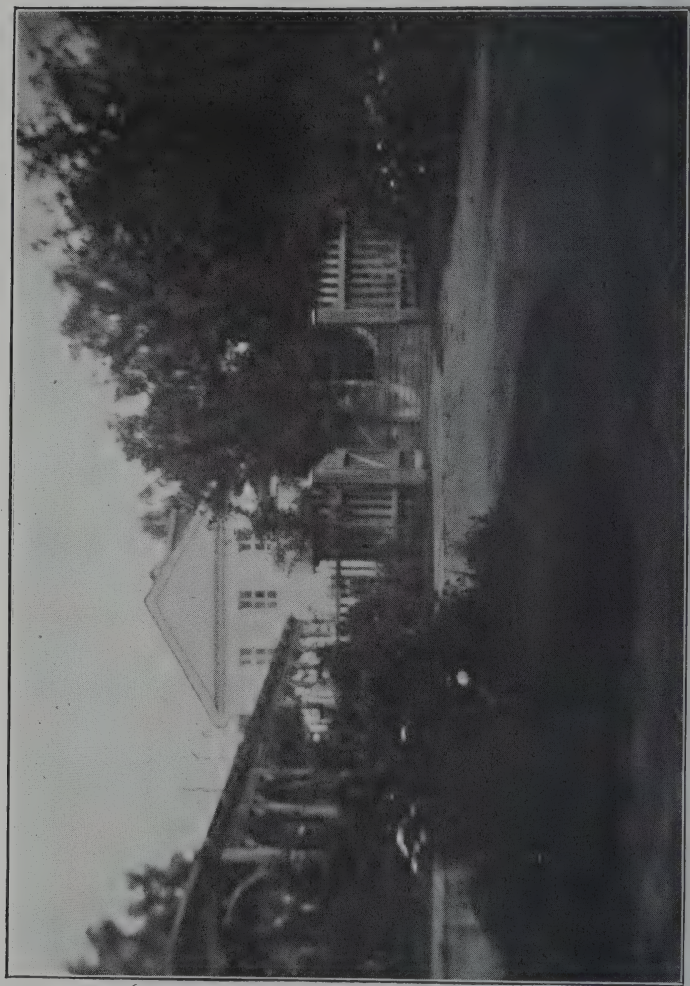
sity and innate love for the languages. All countries were at their elbows and art interests led to all.

Sibelius showed a firm hold on the Indo-Germanics and their inter-weaving history. Upon hearing of the "Titus" translation into Hungarian, the visitor scented the ancient relation and present scientific classification of the Finnish and Hungarian, when the composer shrewdly remarked that an amateur might easily go wrong in conclusions drawn from a few accidental coincidences in two or more languages. This was the visitor's cue to confess that as amateur he had had just such a terrible "scare" in finding a dozen strange coincidents of the Russian and some of the North American Indian languages, though the cyclopædias and ethnologists were not all sharing that enthusiasm. But as to the Finnish-Hungarian, Sibelius did say that a neighbor Hungarian woman acknowledged the Finnish accent easy to her on account of the ancient relation of the languages. Sibelius had been especially interested in somebody's experiment of bringing peasants from a North British community to some North Continental community and finding those peasants soon understanding each other after geographical separation of a thousand years. As another incident of the composer's universal scientific interest, he was enjoying a remarkable geodetic publication on Finland. The book was a notable example of beautiful typography, drawing and careful, laborious editing. It is hoped that he will not be tempted to set that publication to music. As stated above, the composer only authorized the report that he was writing his fifth symphony.



The time had come when the visitor must go to the morning train for Helsingfors. The hour was still too early to call out the fair driver of the evening before, so the regular attendant was on duty. The composer and his wife wished the traveler to come their way again. The traveler said that by their leave he would never miss an excursion to Jarvenpää if the main journey should ever lead again within some hundreds of kilometers. The driver and rig came up. Again Mr. and Mrs. Sibelius stood on the threshold, wishing the guest safe journey and a welcome return.

For all the above material the correspondent would be extremely sorry to have misrepresented Sibelius in any single detail of his attitude toward art or life. But if error has occurred, then the composer must be given the liberty to right himself. For it was also one of his expressly stated principles, that he wanted complete artistic freedom—the right to change his mind, and do tomorrow, on conviction, that which he had condemned today.



REAR GARDEN AT TSCHAIKOWSKY PLACE, VOTINSKY ZAVOD, LOOKING EAST.

TSCHAIKOWSKY BIRTH HOUSE

HISTORY OF VOTKINSKY ZAVOD

After some years' frequent association with cultured Russian musicians, the writer became aware that seldom did one of them know anything at all of the birthplace of Tschaikowsky. Upon questioning, there was generally a reply indicating the house at Klin, about fifty-five miles northwest of Moscow, where Tschaikowsky spent most of his later life. Even Alexander Glazounow, himself composer of eight or more symphonies, director of Petrograd conservatory, chairman of the Russian Imperial Musical society, and personal friend of Tschaikowsky, was one of the many who gave the unthinking reply. When reminded that the birthplace was called Votkinsky Zavod (the Votkin factory) they replied, "Oh yes, but that is very far away. Even then few had a definite idea of the route taken to arrive there.



Now if the Russian musician showed no concern about the birthplace of his nation's best art hero, while an American musician cheerfully undertook the eight days' travel hither and return, between Petrograd and Votkinsky Zavod, the difference may be explained by the individual traveler's love of wandering, the leisure he had, and the more usual American custom of honoring international celebrities. And the traveler immediately affirms that he is glad to have made the trip, to have seen so much more of Russia's limitless domain, to have sensed the miracle that a Tschaikowsky, like a Chopin, later actually came further into the civilized world, instead of remaining in the distant and modest environment of his birth. By mere chance the Votkinsky journey has brought up a by-product of most unusual human interest, and this rests in the history of the Russian government's Votkin factory, which was established in 1759, and where the elder Tschaikowsky was in charge at the time of the composer's birth in 1840.

And be it also said that the composer's birth house is to this day the residence of the director of that factory. Further, the present journey is probably the first occasion since the composer's death in Petrograd 1893, that the Votkinsky house was sought out on account of Tschaikowsky. If there were other enthusiasts who contemplated the journey, the fifty hours by train to Perm, the day down the Kama river and the factory's railway from Galevo landing to Votkinsky Zavod must have forever deterred them.

Leaving Petrograd on a Saturday afternoon train, human

interest was soon in play, for in connection with the occasional forests passed after a few hours' run away from the metropolis, a government small official of the forestry service related that lumbermen who worked in these woods extending north toward Archangel were in this twentieth century still offered so little as twenty-five kopecks, or thirteen cents daily wage. That circumstance may prepare the sympathies for the labor history of Votkinsky factory, to be introduced later in this report. There had been factory proscription in the Ural iron mines since 1739 and earlier.

The landscape which unfolds during the fifty hours' travel to Perm is but slightly varying. At Petrograd vicinity there are the flat, grassy plains, soon coming to patches of scrub timber which are so frequent along the four hundred



HIGHEST BANK OF THE KAMA

fifty miles from Moscow to Petrograd. Then the better timber continues to alternate with scrub and uneven grassy country, finally becoming more rolling on nearing Perm. Reaching the latter city on the Kama river, hardly more than six hours' run from the Siberian border, there was time to go up into the town before starting on a night steamer south and down stream toward Votkinsky Zavod.

Perm has little to differentiate it from any interior Russian city after Moscow. It has a large square, on which is the typical town market house with half enclosed booths along its sides. This type of building is seen not alone in Russia, notably in Nijni Novgorod, Petrograd and Moscow, but in Poland as well. Perm has also the usual city park with concert and amusement pavilions, yet there is but little record to sug-

gest the advanced musical taste which prevails in South Russian cities, as Kiev, Charkov and Odessa.



The rivers of Russia, aside from streams in the Caucasus, present no heroic scenes, yet many a lovely view. The Kama is in so much a consistent sister to them all. As on all rivers, the pleasure of the trip, after the prime joy in nature's changing canvas, is the glimpse of provincial life observed at the landings. The Kama river folk might seem strange to one in Russia for the first time, though not to those who have already traveled the Volga and the Dnieper.

For the nineteen hours from Perm to Galevo landing, only two incidents stand out in memory. The one was an exhibition of native Siberian jewels, the other was the singing by a peas-

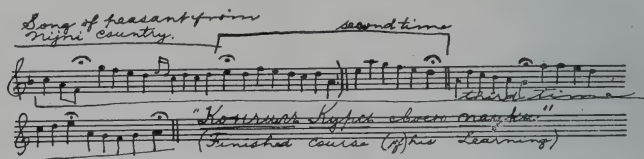


WASH DAY ALONG THE KAMA

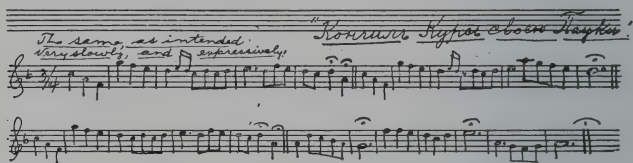
ant who was going down to the Volga. The wholesale merchant in amethysts was on his way to the famous fair at Nijni Novgorod. He carried numerous bags of unset amethysts which he offered for sale. But the American on board knew nothing of the market and refrained from going in.

An hour before the steamer reached Galevo, attention was drawn to a musical performance downstairs among the peasants. An accordeon player and a singer sat on a bench and discoursed their strains, when there came a song of very particular beauty. After hearing a couple of other songs the traveler asked if he might again hear the song of some minutes before. Following upon some false starts and misunderstandings, when the right song began, there arose strange problems of notation, because of unmarked rhythm and unexplainable holds. The only thing possible was to take down the notes,

mark the pauses with usual fermata sign, then at some leisure time try to give the melody a rhythm. Here was the first result:



Some hours later, in the rooming place at Votkinsky, it was possible to clear up the fog, as follows:



The secret was out. The artist, a very plain peasant from Nijni Novgorod, had trouble with his high tones and he must stop and brace for each, with a new breath. The title of his song, in rough translation, is "He has finished his course of learning" (Konchil kurs svo-ye-io pauki). For the notation of the melody it was necessary to request still another repetition, for which encore the traveler donated a few kopecks. Just then came the signal that the steamer was nearing Galevo, and there was hurried leave taking.

The Galevo landing, on the west bank, varies little from other stops along the route, except that here the bank rises to a possible hundred foot altitude at a distance of three hundred feet back from the water's edge. Only a few crude warehouses, an inexpressively primitive tea house, a few peasants' cabins and the railway station constitute the settlement. The eight or twelve miles of railway from the landing to the factory serve mainly the uses of the factory, yet persons may ride whenever the train goes—a few times daily to take freight and meet the passing steamers. The small territory under this railroad may be said to have no physiognomy, so rambling the route and so broken is the country. Leaving Galevo, the train has first a long climb. Once arrived at the upper level, there begins the succession of grain fields, on knolls and depressions. The train wends its way among them, and only within three or four miles of the factory does the scene unfold into a low but narrow plain.



The reader may hardly understand that a village of 25,000

persons may have no hotel, and still that is the permanent condition at Votkinsky. The stranger took a cab from the station to a house called a "quarters," where he was sure of a room, and there was an even chance to obtain food by special negotiation with the landlady. After a supper thus bargained for, the traveler went out to explore the village. In a general east to west the town held mainly south and east of the great artificial lake which had been formed by damming the Siva river. This dam was carefully laid out as village promenade and wharf for the occasional pleasure and workaday boats which plied around. Inquiry brought information that the director's home, which was also birthplace of Tschai-kowsky, was located about a half mile further on this drive, which circled northwest and north along the lake. But a visit to the house was reserved for the morning.



Looking South to Tschai-kowsky house. A small tablet is seen between windows, at right center

The next early morning was also spent exploring the village and getting a few snapshots across the lake to the Tschai-kowsky house. When the house itself was sought out, it was learned that the present director was in Petrograd. But his wife and children were at home, also a lady companion who proved of great assistance during this call when the fine blend of interchanging German and Russian languages threatened to run too low for interviewing.



When the director's worthy helpmeet was told the traveler's errand at Votkinsky, she was frankly amused and surprised that the world should have interest enough in Tschai-kowsky to be seeking out his birthplace. But since the unex-

pected had come to pass, she had nothing to object and she was very gracious in her conversation about it. True she said she knew not in which room the composer was born, but the traveler would be at liberty to go about the entire house and thus be sure he had seen the very room. The stranger thought that curiosity need not be so exact nor idle, he thanked her and refrained from inspecting further. Yet he did wish permission to kodak the house and grounds. The front yard fence on the east was very close to the side of the house which bore the very old brass tablet. Heavy shrubbery now prevented seeing this tablet from the public road. At the rear there was a very spacious yard, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and evidently the family spent much time in the ample shade afforded there. The visitor wished to know if the present director of Votkinsky had any mementos of the composer—as photos, biographical works or related material. No, there



WHERE TSCHAIKOWSKY BIRTH IS RECORDED

was none. Just as at the Chopin house at Zhelaznaya Vola, near Warsaw, there was in this house no book or object concerning the distinguished son.

On further inquiry an assistant official at the factory was thought to have a biography or other Tschairowsky volume, yet that remained unfound. Interesting help was obtained from a citizen who was head of the Tschairowsky society of Votkinsky and it was he who knew and presented the historical sketch of Votkinsky from which the present writer has translated the voluminous memoranda to follow. The same gentleman was helpful when the traveler sought to visit the church and examine the entry of Tschairowsky's birth. The priest who was generally in charge was away on a vacation and the

problem was to find a monk who could go and show the record. After various calls along the streets, the right monk was found and next occurred a twentieth century miracle. When the aged book was taken down it fell open at the very page where Tschaikowsky's name was entered in 1840. If the book had been in daily use, as of many pilgrims looking for the record of the composer, the circumstance could have been expected. But as said before, there is no evidence and no probability that in the nineteen years since Tschaikowsky's death anyone had ever visited the church or the village on his account.



After seeing the birth entry the pilgrim went out into the narrow church yard to see the tomb of the composer's sister, Francesca. Here was another typical condition of Russian unconcern. The brick walls were nearly hidden by cords of firewood and at one corner were a number of tombs. An attendant pointed out Francesca Tschaikowsky's grave, from which the small iron monument had become displaced. The



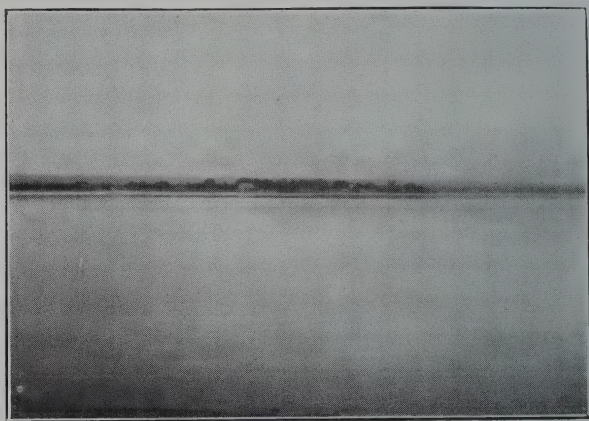
Francesca Tschaikowsky's neglected grave, left center. The dark, iron monument, displaced and propped up, stands between the white stones.

monument lay flat on the ground some feet away and the attendant raised and propped it up in order that a photograph could be obtained.

Besides the day's errands in memory of the Tschaikowskys, the traveler found interest for an hour in observing peasant life in the market which centered about the open square in front of the church. It was especially interesting to see small peasant boys wearing beautiful headgear of valuable skins and furs. The fathers of some of these boys doubtless

worked on hire for seven months at a total wage of seventy roubles, or just \$5 per month, yet furs were not out of reach of the poor people so long as they were found in immediate territory. The Votkinsky market scene was rich in the strange, basketlike buggies or conveyances, into which the farmers piled country produce, wives and children indiscriminately. With the Votkinsky errand reasonably complete, the late afternoon found the traveler again on the factory train back to Galevo, where destiny still had in repertory a few numbers in mixed values.

Now the up stream night steamer back to Perm should have reached Galevo at about 8 o'clock, but the river was low and the signs were all for delay and uncertainty. There was no telephone nor telegraph. Again arose the problem of the commissary. If the steamer came, good food would be the evening meal. If not, the Lord might have mercy and the hunger shock could be broken at the two or three lunch boards ranged along, a distance away from shore. Their offerings



Looking West across Votkinsky water. Tschaiakowsky House, far to left, all but invisible, behind trees

were boiled eggs, coarse Russian sausage, heavy bread and the ever present salt cucumber. Fifty yards away was the primitive tea house, which served only tea to the dock hands who could sit here and eat any food they may have brought along.

Just here the long story is shortened to read that the steamer finally came along at 7 o'clock next morning, and the traveler's evening meal had been that from the lunch stands just before they closed for the night. The August nights were coming nearly to freezing temperature. The waiting room was one of a few benches overcrowded. The walls permitted

free range and the absolute right of eminent domain to the vast army of cockroaches which exercised, maneuvered and strictly attended to business throughout the long watch.



The wait, aggravated by an unrelieved uncertainty, would have been intolerable to many, but the musician with a lively interest in native music had the luck to be grandly entertained. The usual dock crew of twelve or fourteen men had some hours' work which lasted until midnight. The attending music reporter had plenty of leisure to pick up the motives. One of the first jobs the crew had was to drag heavy farm machines from the freight landing to a point up the landing. On each side of the cable they ranged themselves in even numbers, and when they sang, principally in unison, they soon divided into distinct choirs, as the writer had heard other dock hands do two years before at Nijni Novgorod. The extraordinarily impressive effect they attained at Galevo was chiefly by a true antiphony, the two choirs ever alternating in prompt repetition of the short motives. Only at the first two bars of this song was there singing in two real parts, the rest was either unisono or in canonic imitation.

At about midnight the crew had work along the levee a hundred yards up stream, where they handled heavy timbers. The musical motives here employed were of intense interest, particularly because so many motives and variants were brought within so brief period. And one of these motives was strikingly coincident with a Gypsy theme which has been long since immortalized in a violin setting by Sarasate.

Dock crew at Galevo, Kama river

all these motives alla Breve, (very quickly)

meet this old Gypsy friend!

One man at Ole landing.

The various motives of last three lines above were used within four or five minutes work, to sing long poles for timbers.

From Galevo up stream to Perm, the river passage was without incident but the delay usual to low water. For the two days' rail trip back to Petrograd the very last reservation sold on that train placed the American in a compartment for four

persons. The others were a Russian professor of Chinese at the Petrograd Oriental Institute. The third was a young officer of the Russian army. The fourth was a young monk who was going to Petrograd to prepare for the life of a bishop. The Russian scholar in Chinese spoke fluent English which he had learned only in China. He was a resourceful, thoughtful and interesting companion for the journey. The army man was quiet, courteous and agreeable. But it was impossible to feel the remotest sympathy with the monk. This was because he lacked distinctive character or personality, and it may be because none of his fellow travelers had interest in him that he spent most of his leisure forty hours playing poker with the military officers of another compartment. It is hoped that the candidate for bishop did not get away with any unreasonable sum of the army money.

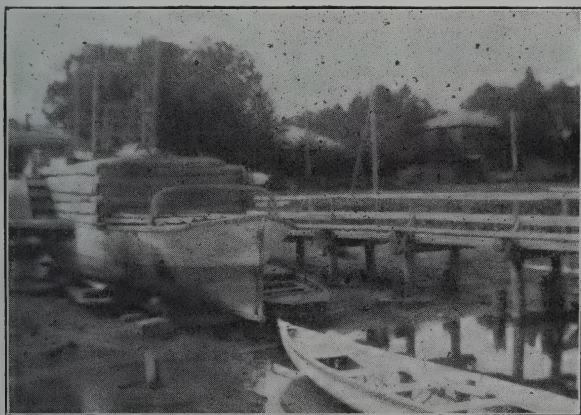
HISTORY OF VOTKINSKY ZAVOD

On the occasion of the 150th jubilee of the Votkin factory, in 1909, there was a formal historical report issued by V. T. Berdnikoff. From official and other archives he stated that in 1909 some 27,000 persons were directly dependent upon the factory. It will be observed that in 1736 an imperial edict permitted taking whole villages to the uses of factories, yet in 1739 a partial recall allowed taking only certain families, also forbidding their being acquired by purchase from the land owners. Under this edict, for the various mining of rich iron ore deposits of the Blagodata mountains, Ural range, there was first a system of factories in three locations, called Kushvinsky, Turinsky and Barantchinsky, later augmented by that of the lower Turinsky, on the Tur river.

In 1739 the Blagodata chain of factories, with master mechanics and proscribed laborers to total 3106 persons, was given over to one Shemberg, but taken into government control in 1742, upon his failure to meet the agreed conditions. Thereupon the factories were under varying fortunes until 1754, when the rich, virgin forests and natural resources of the region attracted attention of Count Peter Ivanovitch Shuvalow, a "General Feldzuegmeister" (master of artillery), who was in high favor at the court of Empress Elizabeth. After Shuvalow visited the region in May 1754, the Russian senate, in the same month, ceded him the factories, with materials, ore and iron, to the value of 182,296 roubles, which he should repay within ten years.

Then Shuvalow thought necessary to erect another plant about 40 miles from Kushvinsky factory, and in 1757, wished still another, southwest some 300 miles. For this last he also

asked government proscription for the needed land, forests and laborers to man a foundry of 38 iron hammers—4560 persons. They were to be in age from fifteen to sixty, excluding the sick, and only from Kasan province, since those from the immediate Ufa district were thought not adapted for factory work. Here the historian remarks that the peasants did not voluntarily give themselves over to the factories, but came nearly always under military force and sometimes with bloodshed. The proscription for Votkinsky Zavod was also by mili-



DEFUNCT LAUNCH AT VOTKINSKY

tary force. For this foundry there was selected a spot on the river Siva, about eight miles from the Kama river, while the Votka river rises about thirty miles from the factory, in Sosnosky district.



About fifteen miles and farther, above the Votkin factory, lived and still lives the strange community of Votyaks. They had fine hay and fruit lands, but no village nearer than Gabrilovka, near Sivo on the Votka. The Votkin neighborhood was thought to have the poorest ore deposits of any in the Ural mountains. Yet in 1876 a peasant found at Galevo, the present Kama river landing for Votkinsky, a "heavy-weighing" stone. Though that iron quartz proved of poor assay, other finds of 1896 and 1901 were so much richer as already to have produced many hundreds thousands of tons.

Manufacture at Votkinsky Zavod was formally begun September 21, 1759, with religious ceremony, and that date is still celebrated there by two or three days of the heaviest vodka drinking of the entire calendar. The factory was not at first enclosed, there was no fear of theft, and it was fifty

years before any part was fenced in. Not until 1810 did the government have need of a department to make war supplies. In time the factories had iron to export, including sheet iron and iron or tin plate for roofing. Count Shuvalow died in 1762 and his son Andreas Petrovitch had control until the government once more took over the entire system in November 1763.



Again the historian notes occasional difficulties with labor, since the condition was hardly better than slavery. To many of them, life was especially difficult, because they were



GOOD BYE, STEAMER AT GALEVO

not accustomed to factory work and they had been born free Russian peasants. Observe here some details of proscription:

Peasants were drawn from distances up to 250 miles and they were compelled to come afoot, or each with his own horse. On account of these long journeys the peasant had much waste time and could hardly return to his settlement long enough to plant his annual crop. He brought his own food, or running short, had to buy at the factory. There were many further abuses. In 1763 a Prince Viazemsky investigated and found not only the able bodied, but whole villages, with children and aged persons proscribed according to law. Viazemsky greatly relieved conditions for a time.



Soon after Catherine II came to the Russian throne, there was a rumor among the Votkinsky master mechanics that they and their men might be freed from service at the Votkinsky and Ishevsky factories. In 1762 an elderly Kasan peasant, proscrip at Votkinsky, started a manifesto, in effect that peasants should be free to retire from factories and return to

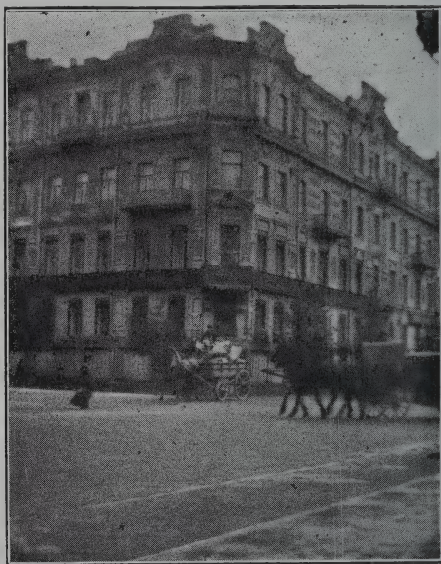
their citizenship. This was issued in many copies to the folk. The autumn of that year brought a rumor to Petrograd that peasants of the Shuvalow factories would not go to work, and that the officials sent out to them were not allowed in the villages or settlements. Then it was that Prince Viazemsky investigated and succeeded in improving conditions. At that time the proscribed laborers were still receiving the same wage fixed in the 17th century by Peter the Great. From April to October foot laborers had five kopecks ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cents) daily; those with horse had ten kopecks. In winter the respective wage was 4 k. and 6 k. At about the year 1800 the summer rate was 20 k. with horse, 12 k. for laborer afoot. The winter rate was twelve and eight kopecks.

For the two factories, Votkinsky and Ischevsky, there was proscription of 13,001 souls, of whom 4560 were capable of service. But at labor inspection, each **person** (meaning also the ineffectives) must pay labor tax of 1 rouble, 70 k., so that the able bodied had to stand for the rest, thus making 4 r. 80 k. for each effective grown person. To earn this a peasant afoot worked 122 days at 4 k. He had to come to the factory three times per year. If he lived four hundred verst (250 miles) away, and walked with his provisions fifteen miles daily, he spent ninety-six days on the road each year. These and the 122 days given to earning the poll tax meant 218 days annually. If he also ran short of provisions and worked out his keep at 1 k. daily, there were an additional 78 days, a total of 296, with only 69 each year for work at home. As if this were not misery enough, there was frequent extortion from above. The master workmen levied from 5 k. to 2 roubles, 40 k. from each. As the wage was 5 k. daily, on a rouble levy the peasant worked twenty days to pay it. Investigation uncovered other items mulcted by the masters, as 10 lb. fish, a horse, four wagons of hay, 2 pud (36 lb.?) of malt, 1 pud-hempseed, 1 pud wheat flour. It was difficult to convict the masters, yet Viazemsky finally sentenced some to the lash, the cane and other punishments.

In October 1764 there was an edict saying that all proscripts were entirely under the jurisdiction of the mining authorities, and peasants were also there subject to trial in civil affairs, debt, tax and so forth. From 1766 the director Irman was enabled to ameliorate the trials of the laborers, nevertheless he was occasionally compelled to use military force to keep order. Particularly at Votkinsky Zavod, conditions were lighter under Irman and the years 1766-67 showed a very large output of ore. The year 1774 showed two outbreaks of violence. The January mob of 300 persons destroyed a part of the works and took 9000 roubles specie. The factory

was inactive for a time thereafter. In June there was raiding and looting of the factory and the church at Ischevsky factory was burned. The remainder of 1774 and part of 1775 were needed to reorganize the factories.

The Votkinsky village has besides the incident of Tschai-kowsky's birth, a nineteenth century fame as a source of railway equipment for the Siberian lines, for farm machinery, and machinery for the river boats of the Volga and contiguous streams. During the present war it is very certain to be turning out vast stores of war materials, as it did first in 1810, according to the above history.



View toward Northwest. House where Tschai-kowsky died, on Gogol Ulitza, Petrograd

Finally it is not believed that Votkinsky is likely to become a popular goal for musical pilgrims. The distant city of Perm is still absolutely the nearest railway point, and without a working knowledge of the Russian language, the casual stranger will continue to meet inconveniences most difficult to surmount.

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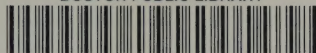
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